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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

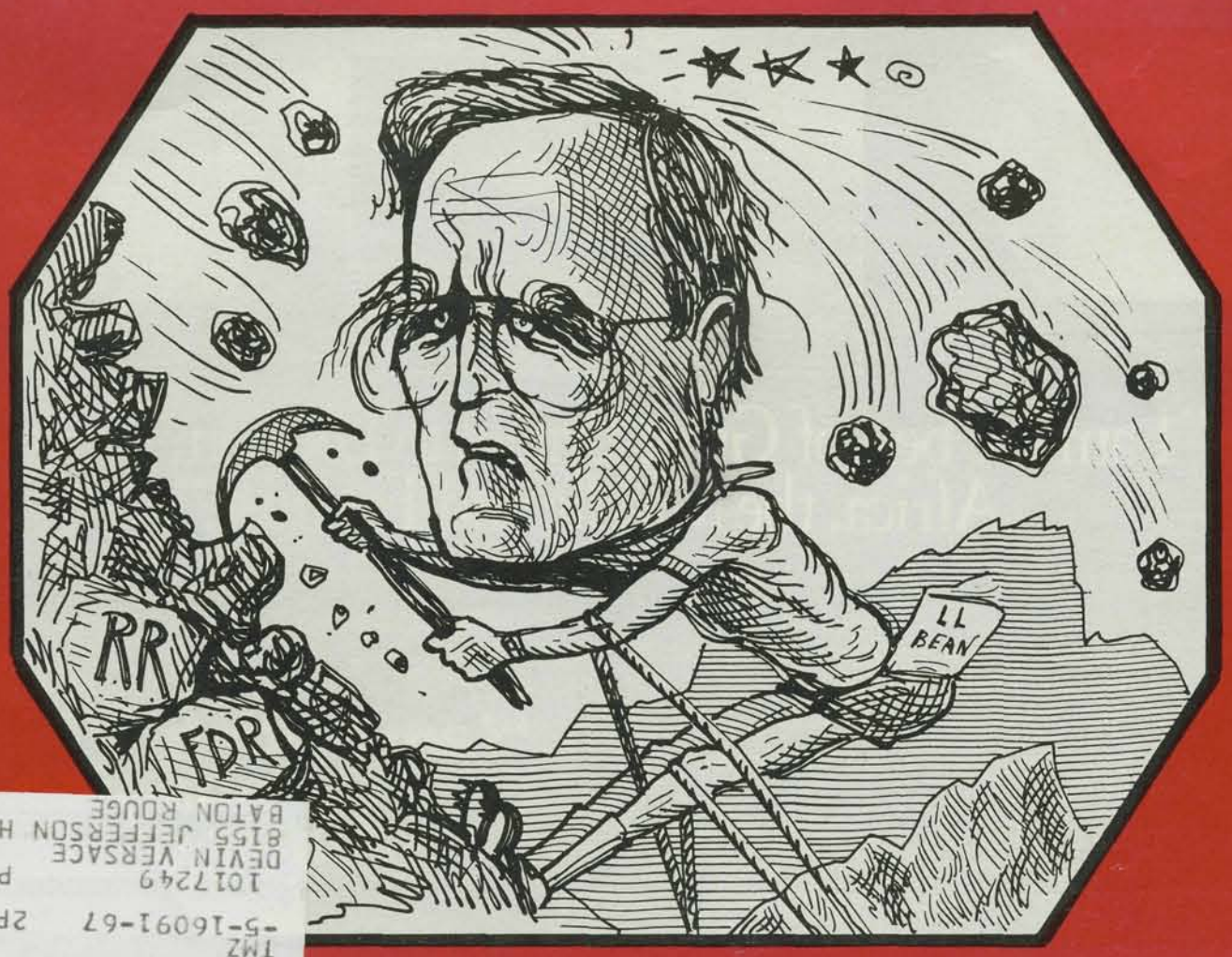
APRIL 1986 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Bruce Bawer • Herbert Schlossberg • Philip Terzian

Sanctuary Scam • Road to Kabul

Senator Simpson Cries Foul

George Bush's Fame, by Vic Gold



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Inset Photo, Eilean Donan Castle on the waters of Loch Alsh.

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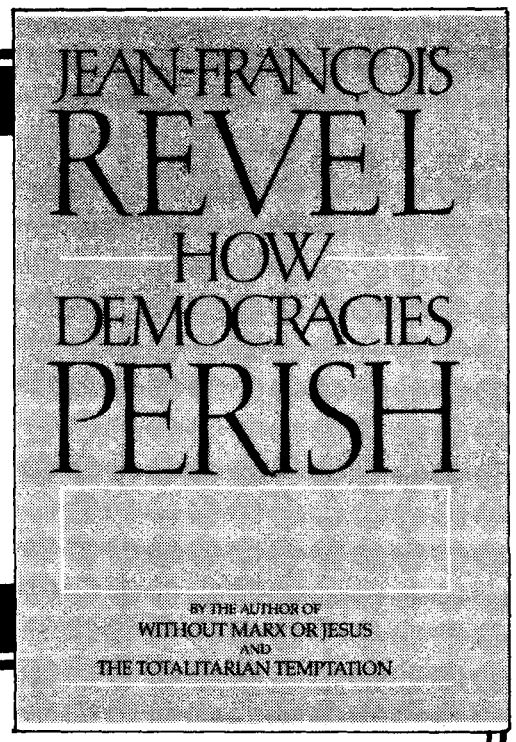
This is the book Jeane Kirkpatrick quoted in her stirring address to the Republican convention



Do you remember her words? "The American people know that it is dangerous to blame ourselves for terrible problems we didn't cause. They understand, just as the distinguished French writer, Jean-Francois Revel, understands the danger of endless self-criticism and self-denigration. He wrote: 'Clearly, a civilization that feels guilty for everything it is and does will lack the energy and conviction to defend itself.' "

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•February witnessed one of the few truly absurd civil wars of all time, the mud wrestling match between President Ferdinand E. Marcos and Mrs. Corazon C. Aquino, two buffoons in a snit. What made the entire imbroglio all the more preposterous was the role played by American television, whose eminences treated it as made-for-television history. There were press conferences. Demonstrations were held before TV cameras, with breaks for ads during which one imagined the demonstrators relaxing, lighting cigarettes, and breaking into casual conversation with government troops. A particularly hilarious moment came during the February 23rd edition of "This Week with David Brinkley." By telephone hook-up a rebel general in his stronghold was being interviewed prior to battle—or so it seemed—when the world heard an impatient voice intervene, "General, this is Sam Donaldson. . . ." *Sam Donaldson*? Calling from the studio back in America? Not even Hitler was given such an opportunity. But Marcos botched things to the very end. On February 25 he had all day to vamoose, and he could not even wait for prime time. Back at the studios the eminences just shook their heads.

•The family of the lovely Miss Geraldine Ferraro, heroine to American viragoes and wimps alike, sustained yet another contretemps when officials in Montpelier, Vermont, charged her 22-year-old son, Mr. John (The Pharmacist) Zaccaro, Jr. with possession of and intent to traffic in cocaine. According to Deputy State's Attorney Mr. John Quinn of Addison County, Vermont, young Zaccaro, a student at nearby Middlebury College, was nabbed in his off-campus apartment with eight grams of illicit powder, $1500, plus "electronic scales and other cocaine-related paraphernalia," after allegedly selling one-quarter of a gram of the idiotizing stuff to an undercover agent. Of course, the indignity could have been worse: the cops could have found the stuff in his purse. That was the ignominy that befell Mr. Jose Aceves, a student at the De Loux School of Cosmetology in Chula Vista, California, who was arrested when the local *carabinieri* found four grams of cocaine in his purse. When arrested Mr. Aceves was wearing a dress. Mr. Zaccaro was tending bar.

•Designers of women's fashion and Pentagon planners both rejoiced when the British journal *Nature* reported that African women carrying loads upon their heads expend notably less energy than soldiers carrying similar loads in backpacks. The discovery could be particularly auspicious for working gals, and the day may well be near when thousands of lady nine-to-fivers will be seen swaying along Madison Avenue balancing upon their heads elegant attache cases molded in the shape of banana bunches. Prayers continue to fill the campus chapel at Stanford University where all four presidents of the senior class have asked the Soviet Union's number one citizen, Mr. Mikhail Gorbachev, to speak on campus. Perhaps he will recall his own carefree college days, his love of poetry, his personal embarrassment upon discovering that KGB doctors were beating hell out of Dr. Andrei Sakharov. On February 11, Soviet dissident Mr. Anatoly B. Shcharansky was released from the Gulag in exchange for five certified Soviet-bloc spies. Mr. Shcharansky flew to Israel and made his way to the ancient Wailing Wall. There the man who for a dozen years had protested on behalf of freedom received the full brunt of it: a mob of Orthodox rigorists confronted him shouting denunciations of Mormons and demanding that Shcharansky "speak up for the religion that you sacrificed yourself for." Fights broke out; and, according to the *New York Times*, Shcharansky became alarmed.

•The State Department announced stupendous plans for improving security at U.S. embassies, and in Moscow ruffians of unknown origin destroyed the low E string in Ambassador Arthur Hartman's grand piano just hours before Mr. Vladimir Feltsman, the distinguished pianist and dissident, was to perform at the official residence. The residence is largely staffed by hard-working Soviet citizens, every one of whom expressed amazement at the piano's misfortune. Truth be known its injuries could have been inspired as much by aesthetic as by political considerations, for Mr. Feltsman had announced an all-Liszt program. Some anti-terrorist experts predict still more violence at American embassies if our diplomats do not desist from scheduling such garish noise in other people's countries. The indispensable *Refuse News* reports that plans are going ahead in fragrant Anaheim, California for March's Seventh Annual Safety Refuse Rodeo, featuring competition for the "Best Looking Trash Truck." Last year's winner was Jaycox Disposal. Controversy continues in Baltimore, Maryland, over the identity of the mystery figure who, clad in black and trailing a white scarf, has for thirty-seven years left an opened bottle of cognac and three roses at the grave of Edgar Allen Poe on the occasion of Poe's birthday. No one is quite sure how to identify the pest, though a solution does suggest itself in the following item. In Jefferson City, Missouri, trappers are lobbying their state legislators to preserve the leg-hold trap against the protests of reformers, one of whom, Miss Shirley Seiler, heaved a dead and stinking skunk into a Senate committee meeting to demonstrate some esoteric point of her credenda. The senators vamoosed.

•The flu that felled former President Richard M. Nixon turned out to be the Russian variety, but before his old enemies could auspicate their har-hars they suffered a calamity of the first water. The FDA discovered *listeria monocytogenes*, an unwholesome bacteria, in two brands of brie, the fabulous French cheese that gives so many anxious New Age Liberals over to reveries of *rive gauche* nights and skinny painters wearing berets. Moreover, many New Age Liberals were scared out of their wits when scientists at the University of Chicago concluded after analyzing 9,250 extinct life forms that mass extinctions have swept the Earth every 26 million years for at least the last 250 million years. According to these findings, the next mass extinction is only 14.7 million years away! Baseball's spring training camps opened, and the international sporting set fell into the mulligrubs when organizers in Bonn, West Germany were forced to cancel their "international dwarf-throwing" competitions owing to death threats from activist dwarfs.

•Iran's Islamic equivalent of the Boy Scouts of America publicly flogged thirty-four people in Tehran for watching video movies, listening to taped music, and playing marbles at a party. The Revolutionary Guards administered seventy lashes to each participant, and the owner of the house in which these diableries were committed had his electronic equipment and marbles confiscated. In Dubai, United Arab Emirates, Mr. Karkidel Kader Sulaiman was sentenced to death for pursuing the scortatory arts with his housemaid whose name is even more absurd. Yet, draconian punishments are not unique to the lands of Islam. In Christian Britain Mr. Steven Varvaris, an American businessman from Mississippi, was held without bail on an assault charge issuing from his refusal to extinguish a cigar on a TWA flight from Athens to New York.

•President Reagan was accorded an exultant greeting in Grenada where one-fifth of the country gathered in the national cricket stadium to hear him denounce Nicaragua's Sandinistas. Five days later, trials began for the alleged murderers of Grenada's last dictator. The infallible *New York Post* reports that George Shultz's new Secret Service code-name is "Mr. Potato Head." Mr. Youweri Museveni, one of Uganda's top ballroom dancers, became the country's newest president; and Nicaragua's Marxist-Leninist strongman, Mr. Daniel Ortega, was instructed in the art of laying bricks by the gifted former President of the United States, Mr. Jimmy Carter, the unpardonable ass.

•The National Rifle Association, our country's foremost opponent of gun control, took enormous satisfaction when robbers knocked off a Fairbanks, Alaska adult bookstore, the International Bookstore and Mini Theater, and absconded in snowmobiles. The assailants were armed not with hand guns or mortars but with rustic bows and arrows. Would the reformers deny us these ancient American sporting weapons too? Finally, we now have proof attesting to the suave wisdom of George Jean Nathan's 1920s dictum that women's minds dwell more often on salacity than men's. According to scholars at *Glamour* magazine, the American woman's preeminent worry is sexually-transmitted diseases. The American man's, one would suspect, is the carnally-minded American woman.

—RET

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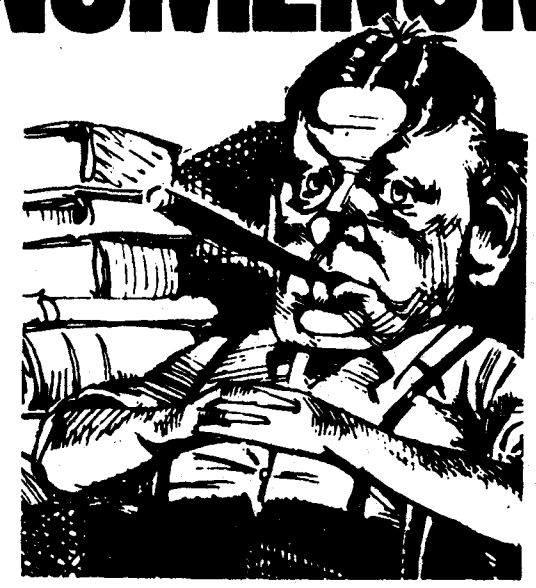

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Bad News Barnes

In the January issue of *The American Spectator* appears a negative review by Fred Barnes of Geraldine Ferraro's memoir. To illustrate what he considers the unreliability of Ferraro's account, Barnes writes that a story told in the book about a Ferraro speechwriter being overcome by emotion on a certain occasion "never happened." Barnes is wrong. We were both there. And Richard Medley, along with other members of the Ferraro staff and of the Ferraro traveling press corps, was indeed moved to tears by her speech at Van Nuys, California. One detail of the story, as told in the Ferraro book, is inaccurate—Medley was not on the stage; speechwriters rarely are. But the significant part of the story is true. Barnes evidently misunderstood the story as it was related to him by Medley or someone else.

This error by Barnes would not be worth mentioning if it were not for the fact that Barnes retells the Medley story in order to impugn the accuracy of Ferraro's entire book. The fact is, if one were to judge the accuracy of her memory on the basis of this single story, one would have to conclude that her memory is indeed accurate.

—John Frederick Martin
Robert D. Luskin
Washington, D.C.

Fred Barnes replies:

Sorry, but even this revisionist version of the story doesn't give Ferraro a claim on accuracy. She said Medley, who sheepishly admits to having been misty-eyed, was near her on stage. Well, he wasn't. So she told a half-truth, not the best evidence of unswerving accuracy.

Underclass Wars

It is hard to know how to respond to allegations that one has become more reasonable, as in Greg Fossedal's fine article ("The Second War on Poverty: Up from Murrayism," *TAS*, February 1986). Let me state as explicitly as possible the position I took toward reform of social welfare policy in *Losing Ground* and have continued to take since then:

The Congress and the Administration have shown no interest in radical change in the social welfare system. The liberals bemoan conservative meanness and conservatives complain about waste and the welfare cheats, but no major figure in public office in either party questions the fundamental rightness of using the federal government to engage in income transfers and social services. This is a political fact of life. In the absence of radical reform, I wish the best of luck to Pat Moynihan or Michael Novak or anyone else who can think of sensible modifications in the current system. Whenever someone asks me whether I think that one of their ideas is a good one, I am likely to say yes, because there are so many discrete ways in which a cumbersome and unfair system can be made less cumbersome and less unfair.

I simply argue that such modifications won't make much difference. They will not affect the underlying dynamics that sustain unemployability among large proportions of poor youth and an illegitimacy rate that is running between 60 and 80 percent of all live births in poor black communities. They cannot make such a difference because of built-in perverse incentives, both economic and social, that I tried to describe in *Losing Ground*. The main function of minor modifications in the welfare system will be to make white middle class folks feel good, because at least we're trying. The only way to accomplish great good rapidly—to drastically reduce the number of fatherless children and drastically increase the integration of poor youth into the labor market—is to dismantle the federal social welfare system for the working-aged. No one wants to do so. That doesn't mean it isn't a good idea.

The meaningful reforms politically open to us have little to do with the teenage parent or the unemployed street youth. Rather, we should stop punishing poor people who have been doing everything right. We should provide them with safety, which means law enforcement that is as strict in the inner city as it is in the suburbs, and with decent education, which means providing the same options to poor parents (through vouchers or tuition tax credits) that affluent people use by sending their children to private schools or by moving to the suburbs. Who knows? Perhaps such improvements in opportunities for people who are ready to take advantage of them, combined with greater willingness to stigmatize irresponsible behavior, will eventually diminish the size of the underclass. At least one may hope.

—Charles Murray
Washington, D.C.

What was Gregory A. Fossedal smoking when he decided that a $10 billion public works boondoggle—sorry, a "modest infrastructure bill"—was a "solution" for joblessness in the ghetto? Teddy Kennedy's endorsement of this slush fund should make conservatives queasy—for good reason. Study after study has shown that jobs programs don't benefit poor people, but are instead designed to line the pockets of bureaucrats, social workers, and poverty lobbyists, most of whom try to stay as far away from the ghetto as they can. (It's so *untidy* down there.) Hasn't the National Urban League gotten enough tax dollars without Mr. Fossedal wanting to increase their dole?

Perhaps the worst solution to the welfare mess is to nationalize private charities and church aid merely to satisfy the demands of a few Washington scholars. What we should do is study aid programs run by private groups that *work*, then figure out how other private groups can duplicate them. This would be far more effective than demanding that all private aid be chained to the yoke of dead or dying Great Society programs to appease the aging creators of those programs.

Two of Mr. Fossedal's proposals—vouchers and homesteading—will set poor people free, by providing them with choice and opportunity to better their lives. Mr. Fossedal's remaining proposals keep the poor chained to the ghosts of Lyndon Johnson and Franklin Roosevelt—two men who are hardly conservative champions.

—Martin Morse Wooster
Washington Editor, Harper's
Washington, D.C.

Gregory A. Fossedal replies:

Both of the above writers, in varying tones, raise two important points.

The first point has to do with conservative objectives: Do we want to scrap the entire welfare system, or simply trim it back, perhaps marginally, perhaps substantially? Is the goal no safety net at all, or rather, a more reasonable one—the kind suggested by William F. Buckley once every few years, in recommending that lard, bread, and peanut butter simply be made available for free?

Frankly, my own preference is for some federal safety net, much smaller and leaner than it is now. Messrs. Buckley and our great leader, Ronald Reagan, seem to agree. But it also seems to me this question is moot. Why discuss the details of the final march on Berlin when we haven't even yet landed in France?

The second and more interesting point, then, is how we get there from here. That is what I tried to do in my original article. Now, certainly one way to get rid of the rickety system is through a massive, pre-emptive first strike. If that isn't plausible, as Mr. Murray seems to agree, we are left with the task of planning a more conventional assault. This will be more time-consuming, but also in some sense more conservative—taking what is there and trying at least to move in the right direction.

And this is where the measures listed in the article might be quite useful: from Kemp's homesteading and zones to Novak's distribution system to Butler's privatizing to Bennett's vouchers—most of which Murray and Wooster favor. Murray notes that the policy impact of these ideas, even in combination, might be small. I think not, for reasons outlined in the article.

But even if they had a minor impact on measured poverty, their political impact might be substantial. Their enactment would at least begin the reform of a poverty relief system that stinks. That is why public education lobbyists fight vouchers so furiously—even when focused on the poor. They know the power of a good example.

Given all this, if enacting such a far-ranging experiment requires a jobs boondoggle or a little tax-free account for Chrysler workers, the price seems worth it to me. In like fashion, the 1981 tax bill, unfortunately loaded down with unnecessary corporate bribes, nevertheless set the country on a supply-side road that has us leading the industrial world, and even the sausage-grinders in Washington are now working on yet another cut in tax rates. Am I thus suggesting something of a bribe? Well, yes. Readers might wish to consult my article on "The Art of Additive Compromise," which I wrote for last October's *American Spectator*.

Finally, Mr. Wooster has a question about my brand of tobacco. I prefer "Sail" and "Amphora." While writing the article, however, I was quaffing a bottle of Molson's Brador Malt Liquor from Canada. It helps to relax the muscles and relieve irritability. Try some, Mr. Wooster.

Evangelical Examples

I found Malcolm Gladwell's article ("Chuck Colson vs. The Fundamentalists," *TAS*, February 1986) fascinating reading, very insightful, and on the whole, a very fair presentation of the issues.

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I was somewhat disappointed, I must confess, that Mr. Gladwell did not contact me. I would have liked to have simply clarified my relationship with Jerry Falwell. I have a great personal affection for Falwell and though we disagree on the role of Christians in politics, I have enormous respect for what he is doing particularly in some of the ministries of the Thomas Road Baptist Church caring for unwed mothers. The article, as one would expect in treating this kind of issue, makes it appear that Falwell and I are adversaries. That is not the case. In any event, I have written to Jerry with the hope of healing any wounds that might have been opened as a result of the article. It isn't clear from the article that I did not participate in its preparation.

Having said that, however, I do compliment Mr. Gladwell on a very well-done piece and I especially appreciate the perspective which he has given to this very difficult issue. I happen to think that Mario Cuomo is advancing a very dangerous proposition from the left, that is, the privatization of our faith, and that there is a great danger on the right that the Christian faith will become politicized, that is, dependent upon political means for the achievement of its goals. Classical Christian orthodoxies argue that the responsible position for the Christian is to influence the state with Christian values, to hold it morally accountable to its stated purpose, and to see that it fulfills the biblical purpose of government to preserve order, justice, and as Cicero put it, concord in society. At least that's the position I've advocated and believe needs to be heard in the national debate. I hope and believe the article makes a responsible contribution in that sense.

—Charles W. Colson
Washington, D.C.

Thanks to *TAS* and to Malcolm Gladwell for his well-thought-out article.

This is the first time I have read an intelligent article in the secular press on issues of concern to those of us who are called Fundamentalists. Invariably, secular writers get sidetracked, making not-too-subtly derisive comments about those of us who believe that the Bible is a book to be believed as the Word of God to man. Whether or not he agrees with us, Gladwell gets beyond this issue and goes to the heart of the matter—whether the current political activism of evangelicals will eventually dilute or obscure their primary message, which is the good news of salvation and new life through Jesus Christ.

In fact, Gladwell helped me understand, in a way that our own evangelical publications have not, the dichotomy between Colson's approach of changing society through changing individual hearts versus the Falwell/LaHaye approach of changing individual behavior by exercising political clout. I can see merit in both positions, but Colson seems to be following the example set by Jesus Christ as well as the writers of the New Testament, who lived in a society much more immoral than ours. Perhaps if we evangelicals are truly concerned about maintaining the fundamentals of the Christian faith, we would do well to follow their example as well.

—Marilyn A. Turnbow
Southfield, Michigan

The appeal of joining a lynching mob is always strong. That fascination is noticeable in all the media products (now, sadly, including yours) where so many of the writers are rushing to attack Jerry Falwell. I am referring to the article entitled "Chuck Colson vs. the Fundamentalists," by Malcolm Gladwell.

Chuck Colson is a rather enigmatic character who has not held much credibility in the past. I am willing to believe that he may have changed and is now dedicated to doing good works. But why does that give him the right to chastise the path followed by other Christian ministers, who are not former convicts like he is?

At least Mr. Gladwell could have tried to find out about the mission that Reverend Falwell has in Sudan where some of his young students sacrifice themselves to feed and clothe Ethiopian refugees. Or about his program to save unborn children, through which mothers who would otherwise have had an abortion, can find care, love, and an adoption alternative.

—Gladys Bernard
Dallas, Texas

Malcolm Gladwell's perceptive article on Charles Colson's cautions about politicized fundamentalism rings true on most every score. I confess to being a little troubled, however, by the way in which he cites my statements on the subject. My *Commentary* article suggesting that the agenda of the religious right is generally within the limits of legitimate democratic debate is described by Mr. Gladwell as a "seductive argument." Why seductive? Because, he says, "there is simply too much eagerness in fundamentalist political activity—the exploitation of direct mail, the proliferation of PACs, the slick and lavish promotional efforts." But surely, for better and for worse, the Jacksonian revolution happened a long time ago and, unless one thinks it possible to return to the gentlemanly discourse of Jefferson and Madison, there is no reason the fundamentalists should eschew the means employed by others in our inescapably raucous democratic politics. The question is not the instruments used by the religious right, but whether it possesses, or is in the process of developing, a public philosophy that can engage those who are not true believers, as they define true belief.

Mr. Colson's main point, as I understand it, has to do with the integrity of religious faith. He is worried, and rightly so, that the leaders of the religious right may sell their souls for a mess of politics. Mr. Gladwell quotes my cautions to the religious left on the dangers inherent in equating spiritual salvation with temporal politics. He and Mr. Colson are undoubtedly correct in urging that the same cautions must now be directed also to the religious right. Christians should not need to be reminded, but always have needed to be reminded, that there is perduring tension and frequent contradiction between the Kingdom of God and the kingdoms of this world.

—Richard John Neuhaus, Director
Center on Religion and Society
New York, New York

Malcolm Gladwell uses Chuck Colson as a stick to beat the fundamentalists with. While his essay—and the accompanying illustration—suggest Jerry Falwell as the primary target, Gladwell does not take the trouble to make a single substantial criticism against Falwell, whom he accuses of "international ambulance chasing." For years we have been hearing slurs against Jerry's bigotry, intolerance, lust for power, and his desire to impose fundamentalist morality upon an unwilling nation. When Jerry speaks for himself, on the other hand, we hear the voice of a democratic pluralist playing the politics of consensus.

Chuck Colson is doing a great work in ministering to the prisoners, but he will always be an extremist. The man that would "kill his own grandmother" for Richard Nixon pursues his new ministry with the same zeal—a development predicted by G. Gordon Liddy. In neither case was he a force for good in American *political* life, and Gladwell does this passionate and invaluable evangelist a disservice by highlighting his minor squabbles with the fundamentalists. If a "high church" Lutheran liberal like Pastor Neuhaus can find something good to say about the fundamentalists in the pages of *Commentary*, conservatives might be expected to give up throwing stones at their natural allies.

—Thomas Fleming, Editor
Chronicles of Culture
Rockford, Illinois

Malcolm Gladwell replies:
It's a shame that Mr. Colson thinks that I falsely painted a picture of personal animosity between himself and Jerry Falwell. I didn't mean to. In fact, I was very careful to place my statement that they were "hardly close friends" in the context of an intellectual and theological disagreement. If there was any personal bite to this at all, it came from the instances when I quoted what Mr. Colson *himself* has said, to wit: "The quiet, often unnoticed actions of ordinary Christians who believe and obey speak far more loudly than all the bombast of so-called religious leaders." (There are other, more pointed, comments of his that I did not quote.) By not talking to Colson, apparently, I robbed him of the chance to contradict himself. Look, I'm sorry.

I am also sorry, for the sake of Miss Gladys Bernard, that I did not include a tribute to Rev. Falwell's Sudan mission in my article. But then, considering the snide references to the lack of credibility in Colson's past and his status as an ex-con, I'm not sure that would have made any difference. I think Miss Bernard's real problem is that she doesn't like Chuck Colson—which makes me even sorrier that I didn't include a lesson on the consequences of Christian repentance and the importance of forgiveness.

Also upset, apparently, is Mr. Fleming, who goes to the extraordinary length of using G. Gordon Liddy as a stick to beat Chuck Colson with. Nasty, nasty. Will Colson survive? I think so. Being called an extremist by G. Gordon Liddy is like being called ugly by a frog.

Mississippi Quisling

Surely the dreariest and most tiresome of all literary genres is the expatriate's sermon on the evils of his homeland. The homeland can be territorial, political, or religious. It is all of a piece. Works of this type are fungible; all of them feature a writer engaging in ritual defecation upon that Awful Place, those Horrid People, and their Contemptible Customs. Read one, and you have read them all. One can hardly visit the bookstore or the library without coming across the spoor of one of these loquacious turncoats. They seem to be under some strange compulsion, continually trying to convince others (and themselves?) that what they have abandoned is of no real value. The South, along with the rural Midwest and the Catholic Church, has long been an approved target for such cultural quislings. For a while it seemed that (except for the Church, which remained fair game) a better day was dawning. I should have known better.

(continued on page 46)

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EDITORIALS

GRENADA CRIES UNCLE

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Grenada, West Indies—In a way the late Mr. Maurice Bishop, whose body has never been found, did make good on his vow to improve Grenada. Mr. Bishop is the shanty Marxist who clamped his New Jewel Movement down on the people of this exquisite little island in a 1979 revolt. Pursuant to a wholesome society vouchsafed by scientific Marxist principles, he and his brutes terrorized the island's defenseless populace, jailing, maiming, and murdering thousands. They invited in a small army of Cubans and technicians from Iron Curtain countries to transform Grenada into an anti-American military base—the huge installations that remain leave no doubt about that. But Mr. Bishop and his comrades exploded in a ferocious power struggle, and President Reagan sent in the 82nd Airborne along with other military elements to end the nightmare.

Today the Grenada of Mr. Bishop's dreams is at hand, though it menaces no one. Grenada's new democratic government with U.S. assistance has mended the country's infrastructure. Peace has replaced political terror. Prosperity blooms. What is more, Grenadians have acquired that "sense of community" that was promised in so many of Bishop's Marxist harangues —though it is not cemented by class hatred. Rather, Grenadians have been brought together by a renewed love of liberty and a keen concern about Communist subversion.

Grenadians are arguably the most politically mature people in the East Caribbean. In fact, on any street corner one could put together a political seminar more worldly and astute than any of the confabulations heard at the recent PEN Convention in New York. These are exuberant, fun-loving, industrious people; but while they were at work and at play their political system went haywire, and they found themselves living through years of fear and pillage. They now recognize that threats to their liberties are real, and that democratic leaders are preferable to utopians. On February 20 they turned out in large numbers when "Uncle" Reagan visited them. His approval rating here must be close to 100 percent.

One of the locals most eager to greet him was the Right Honourable Sir Eric Gairy (Right Honourable, for the Queen once asked him into her Privy Council!). Sir Eric, head of the Grenada United Labor Party (GULP), has always been a supporter of the United States, but those other things that he supports suggest the problems that countries such as Grenada have had to confront and overcome.

As with most of the islands in the region, Grenada is a waif of history, forced to rush through a hundred years of development in but a generation or two. Since the 1950s, Grenada has come from a pre-industrial plantation system, governed as a remote outpost of crumbling empire, into being a liberal democracy complete with a widespread, if elementary, bourgeoisie. Those who led their people from subservience to nationhood in three decades often doubled as labor organizers and founding fathers. Some also played the role of sages and seers.

Sir Eric was all these things, and today in a framed house of shocking pink high above the sparkle of St. George's Harbor, he is trying to account for his amazing achievements and for what went wrong—he was the first and reigning prime minister when Bishop went into revolt. During three decades, he led his people from peonage to national independence, beginning as a labor leader and ending as a prime minister who governed with equal ebullience from his government houses by day and either of his two nightclubs by night. He lost these and other properties during the revolution, including an electric vibrating chair which he now advertises for in his paper, the *Grenadian Guardian*.

In the 1970s Sir Eric made a prodigious name for himself worldwide. Now in courtly gestures and eloquence that would put most American congressmen in the shadows, he savors the great days: the "dancing horses" shipped right from Guyana; the all-gold room of the Pleasure Palace, his nightclub where the champagne flowed nocturnally and matutinally; that beauty from outer space who accosted him on a moonlit beach and became his secretary (I believe I met her). Twice he lectured the U.N. on God and UFOs. President Carter sent him "materials" on UFOs, for the 39th President, too, once witnessed such marvels. Sir Eric opened the First World Congress on UFOs in Acapulco; and, because he is a student of "magnetism," judged the 1970 Miss World contest where a Grenadian won. That feat brought astonishment from other leaders in the region, causing them to exclaim, he will tell you, "What manner of man is this?"

The question remains relevant. While in office Sir Eric was accused of corruption and violence, though he was assuredly insufficiently violent in dealing with Bishop, whose machinations he indulged throughout the 1970s. Today he obviously wants to return to power, and many older Grenadians lean toward giving him a last hurrah. Others, particularly younger Grenadians, are not so sympathetic. They think their rush to political modernity is behind them. They want stability and prosperity. But young democracies such as Grenada face threats that even older democracies have difficulties surmounting. Just the other day an armed band was arrested while training in the hills. Whether young Grenada or any young nation can thwart such brutes remains an open question. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

NINCOMPOOPS

(*This column appeared before President Marcos's fact-finding trip to Guam and Hawaii.*)

Is His Excellency President Ferdinand E. Marcos, wearer of beach shirts and husband of the costly Imelda, satisfied and perhaps even a bit proud of his nation's recent election manqué? From all I can tell, he is. President Marcos is a ridiculous man who would almost certainly adjudge a ridiculous election plausible. And does he envisage himself as a political leader cast in the same precious mold as such twentieth-century giants as Churchill and De Gaulle? Here again the answer is sure. On the campaign trail, where his gifted wife sang love songs into a hand microphone combining with her husband on an occasional duet, he compared himself to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Why not Churchill and De Gaulle? A ridiculous man recognizes few limitations; remember Quixote.

During the campaign his speeches did indeed approach those of Churchill and De Gaulle if only in their capacity for derision. Yet consider whom the fates presented him as an opponent, an

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ingenue politico who actually spoke of accepting into government representatives of the New People's Army, a guerrilla band that has displayed in rural areas a ferocity comparable to that of the Khmer Rouge. Here we are speaking of Mrs. Cory Aquino whom the credulous on this side of the Pacific are trying to transform into that wonder of American folklore: the amateur who grows and deepens while in office; remember Carter.

In truth Mrs. Aquino is as ridiculous as her dictatorial opponent and as improbable a head of state as Woody Allen. Acknowledging her own vacuous governmental background, she pledged to govern through a panel of fifty experts ("I think it would be logical for me to assume that I would be able to inspire at least fifty qualified and dedicated men and women to help me run the government," she pronounced upon declaring her candidacy). Mr. Marcos promptly dubbed these unnamed persons her "fifty nincompoops." He actually got a lot of laughs traveling the country asking what their identities might be, though he himself frequents seers and other quacks and though the flyblown condition of his country might never have gotten so bad had his government employed solely nincompoops. Mr. Marcos's supreme hauteur, which he manifests so often especially when questioned by American TV journalists, merely emphasizes the extraordinary dimensions of his absurdity.

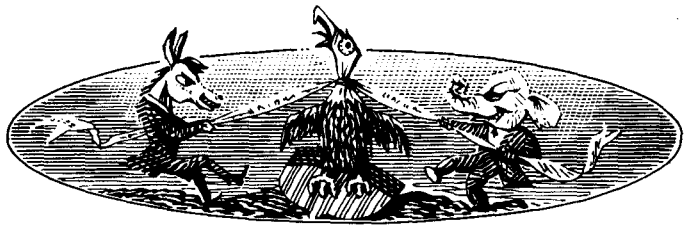
In two decades he has ruined an economy once second only to Japan's in Asia. Philippine civic life is grotesque. The country's social life is haunted. The army is ineffective. The squalor of Mr. Marcos's Philippines brings to mind the back streets of Tijuana. Someday Philippine historians may remember him as the Despoiler of his country, and it is still more evidence of his absurdity that he sees himself as the Father of his country.

As for Mrs. Aquino, were she to trundle into the Malacanang Palace she might gain an even less enviable title. Contrary to the hopeful reports on her in our media, she gained no political acumen while her husband was alive and conferring with political allies. She served coffee. Now she talks of ferocious Communist ambushers as though they were Social Democrats and of closing down American bases vital to the security of the region—though there is no groundswell for doing so.

Serving coffee is no trivial matter, particularly good coffee. Nonetheless it does not prepare one to govern a country that is in a state of political and economic crisis. After all, that shrewd French statesman of decades past, Georges Clemenceau, depreciated Americans for just this shortcoming, serving bad coffee. That was his second complaint; his first was that we had "no capacity for abstract thought."

Nowadays we make better coffee, but some of us are no better at thought, abstract or otherwise. In American circles of influence, conservatives and liberals insist on viewing the Philippine political scene as though it were something other than ridiculous. Consequently in speaking about it both sides sound ridiculous themselves, as when President Reagan lauded the emergence of the Philippine "two-party system." Nevertheless, silliness has its place in statecraft. Perhaps our diplomats ought to tell Mr. Marcos that he really is a great statesman, an Asian De Gaulle. Then as the glow comes over this intolerable clown, tell him how De Gaulle assured his place in history. He retired after an unsatisfactory election. But before exiting, Mr. Marcos must appoint a competent replacement. In the Philippines all things are possible, and he has a prime minister who is not bad. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



WEAKMEN

by Tom Bethell

Poor old Marcos surely never knew what hit him. He had become an anachronism—hopelessly out of fashion, a generation behind the times. He was new money, *nouveau riche*, with vulgar furniture, bank accounts, and tasteless gifts for Ron and Nancy: mother-of-pearl, chiffon, and satin. It wasn't power, Washington adores power. But somehow the power arrangements in Manila were déclassé. Much better to be like Mikhail and Raisa Gorbachev—the heirs of Lenin. They have power. But no bank accounts—possibly not even money in their pockets, just like tasteful heirs and aristocrats. All Gorbachev has is thousands, indeed millions, of state slaves who must obey his commands under pain of death. Now that is power. But for some reason it's not considered to be in bad taste.

Marcos was a relic from the time (1937) when Franklin D. Roosevelt said of Rafael Trujillo: "A sonofabitch, but our sonofabitch." Marcos probably thought that such unvarnished *Realpolitik* still prevailed in Washington. The deal was: you helped the Americans by fighting Communism and in return accepted bases and aid. The latter could be funneled through your personal bank account. You lived in a palace. You preserved law and order after a fashion. You allowed your friends to steal. From time to time you entertained the U.S. ambassador. Maybe they didn't love you, but they treated you with respect. You were loyal—you stayed bought. You were their sonofabitch. Wasn't it part of the deal that they would stay loyal to you?

Dictator, they called him. Strongman. Weakman would have been nearer the truth. He didn't dictate that much either—not the way the heirs of Lenin dictate—telling you to inform on your parents, where to work, not to leave the country, not to go to church . . .

Francis X. Clines of the *New York Times* gave us a good vignette of the dictator's last day in the Malacanang Palace, "clinging to his gold-tipped executive throne and uttering rambling lawyer's monologues about the orderliness he claimed to see all about him." Clines continued:

> "I'm fine and strong, I'm quite ready to go to combat," he said, surprising the nation anew by somehow managing to pop up wraithlike on the screen of a different television channel after the rebels had seized the government station.
>
> "I lift weights, I do sit ups, I do splits," said Mr. Marcos, wearing a windbreaker, as he lapsed into his standard reassurance about his health. It was a set piece become surreal, as gunfire occasionally sounded outside. "I am not sick of anything that is malignant or incurable," he said. "Here I am," Mr. Marcos declared rather casually to the nation as he sat behind a large presidential shield.
>
> All about the nation, citizens paused to watch one more performance by him on television. . . . "The economic crisis will take some time," he announced, smiling tightly, his eyes flooded as usual with the tears that many say are the symptom of some chronic illness.

He had been on TV many times, all over the world no doubt, and he seemed pathetically out of touch: deluded enough to think that if only he repeated in an incredulous tone the numerous charges against him, projecting an imperial disdain for his accusers, then the charges would somehow melt away into implausibility and he would be vindicated. He seemed to visualize his audience merely as an enlarged version of his own immediate household of family, flatterers, and retainers.

What a half-hearted dictator Marcos really was! He held an election, he bought votes, he let in the TV cameras and crews and reporters and outside observer teams to record the details minutely. "What Americans saw on their television came as a shock," *Time* exclaimed, unconvincingly. Marcos supporters were "buying votes with money and rice . . . " *Buying votes*? In our progressive twentieth century?

It is the great weakness of people like Marcos—and the real reason why they are so despised by left-wing idealists—that they really do seem to enjoy the trappings of power more than the reality of it. Marcos wanted a palace, a throne, and a carriage. He invested in Manhattan property. Had he instead invested in barbed wire, watchtowers, a Mindanao gulag, the left would have

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Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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seen in him a fellow idealist. Because then he wouldn't have been in it for the money. No, he would have been trying to . . . not save souls exactly—that too would be old fashioned. He would have been trying to reform human nature—the noble experiment, the great unfinished project of the twentieth century.

"Dictators of the world take note," wrote Tom Shales, the *Washington Post* TV critic, apropos the Marcos collapse. "Clean up your acts or risk a U.S. media invasion." Oh, sure. The next day ABC-TV's Peter Jennings was in Moscow covering the world's leading dictator and the Communist Party Congress. Jennings stood out in the cold, his scarf tight and his breath billowing. Behind him, and in front of another palace, the Kremlin, a small convoy of apparently armored cars came trawling down the empty street. Without much conviction, Jennings told us how important the Congress was. Next there was a sequence showing thousands of delegates, who might as well have been dummies, seated obediently inside the Kremlin as Gorbachev read a speech criticizing the United States. Muscovites in fur hats were shown walking along in the snow, taking no notice of an external TV monitor with, again, Gorbachev on the screen. (And that is the problem right there, ABC's Walter Rodgers told us. How can the great leader energize the masses if the masses pay no attention?) Finally there was an exchange between George Will and ABC regular, Manhattan-reared Vladimir Posner. Will asked a question, Posner had the answer. Back to Ted Koppel in Manila.

Can anyone doubt that the State Department has more respect for dictatorships so well organized that no voting takes place at all? The respect is not expressed openly, of course, because it is a fearful, craven kind of respect. Try to imagine that Jennings encountered, beneath some Kremlin dome, KGB men desperately bribing Muscovites to keep the Politburo in power. And allowing Jennings to film the transactions. And leave the country with the footage intact.

Yet with the Soviets we proceed obsequiously to the negotiating table—thereby conceding that we are at least partly to blame for the tension created by our resistance to Soviet aggression. Then, as though sporadically conscious of our status as a great power (we should be firm with *someone*), we take it out on an old-fashioned weakman with a palace full of gilt-encrusted furniture and real estate in Hawaii. David Broder called him odious? Fine—in that case he's a safe target.

The trouble with U.S. foreign policy, insofar as we can be said to have one, is that we repeatedly show ourselves to be unreliable—predictable only in a penchant for moralizing against those who thought they were allies. As the *New Republic* noted, gleefully, Jimmy Carter's foreign policy is back. The trend in the Philippines had obviously been toward democracy. But this was too snail-paced, even though America's own history tells us that League of Women Voter-approved democracy is not something that appears overnight.

Are you a head of state with a few constitutional slips showing? No Roberts Rules of Order yet? And you want to be allied with the U.S.? Better be prepared for observer teams, a tour of inspection from Stephen Solarz of Brooklyn, media sermons galore. Look at this from the point of view of Samora Machel of Mozambique. Here's someone who seized power when the Portuguese left and he immediately allied himself with the Soviets—analogous to the most powerful Mafia family in the region. They provide the protection, he provides the territory. Notice that he's still in power eleven years later.

Now what? *The U.S. would like to wean him away from Soviet control.* Along comes the deputation from the

An Alternative to Truth Squads on Campus

Accuracy in Academia is creating a network of classroom informants to expose radical propaganda disguised as education.

Campus Coalition for Democracy also opposes abuses of academic freedom, but believes that A.I.A.'s crusade will confuse the real issues by generating empty debate over the methods and credentials of its watchdogs.

Campus Coalition for Democracy agrees that a significant minority of American professors views teaching as an instrument of radical advocacy. But it also understands that their academic colleagues, and not outsiders, must bear the primary responsibility for responding to such misuse of the classroom. This must be done by reasserting the academic tradition of open inquiry and respect for democratic institutions.

Therefore,

Campus Coalition for Democracy calls on its fair-minded colleagues to join in mounting an intellectual challenge to the dogmatic politicization of the university by radical ideologues.

Campus Coalition for Democracy is an organization of university faculty dedicated to restoring the health and integrity of academic life. This requires a renewed appreciation of the value of the free institutions found in the western democracies, and the importance of defending these institutions against those who seek their destruction. Over the past four years the members of the Coalition have been working to enlist other scholars in this effort, and to provide an arena in which the problems of the Academy can be aired. The Coalition sponsors public conferences addressing topical questions of broad educational concern, discussion groups for scholars aimed at clarifying intellectual trends and issues, a speakers bureau bringing reasoned advocacy to campus forums, and a periodical, *Academic Questions,* which analyzes issues of academic integrity and intellectual extremism. For more information about the Coalition and its effort to mobilize the intelligence, decency, and democratic commitment of the academic community write to:

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Sunday School—George Shultz and Chester Crocker from State, Peter McPherson from A.I.D. (They represent a pretty flexible, erratic, not to say unholy church, mind you, with an ever-changing doctrine: a bagful of cash, a boxful of condoms, a bookful of sermons—U.S. foreign policy in a nutshell.) "Join our church," they say to Mr. Machel, who has an armed East German guard on one side and an armed Cuban guard on the other. "We have a rich congregation and we can provide money from the plate. Then maybe you won't have anything more to do with the Mafia. We hope. Here's $25 million to start you off."

Well, of course, Mr. Machel would be foolish to shift his allegiance. Who needs the sermons and the aggravation? Not that there's any need to change, because we give him the money anyway. But you can see why waverers, the nonaligned around the world, seem on balance to be more sympathetic to the Soviet Mafia than to the American Sunday School.

Machel must realize that he is in every respect much better off in the socialist camp. He gets protection from the Soviets, money from the Americans—and best of all, he is almost miraculously immune from U.S. (and worldwide) media moralizing as long as he preserves an identification with socialism. There's no chance David Broder will call him odious. Anthony Lewis and the *New York Times* editorial page will grovel. The argument will even be heard that your aid should be increased. Maybe Howard Phillips and *Human Events* will speak up, but that's about the extent of it. Someone will reassure the somnolent Reagan that everything's all right, the goal is to "reduce the level of violence in the region."

Foreign aid has expanded disastrously under Reagan (does he know about this?). It was about to be cut off to the Philippines had Marcos stayed in office. Fine—aid should be cut off everywhere. Most of it goes to countries that don't even pretend to hold elections. This shows that democracy is not really the goal of U.S. foreign policy at all. "Democracy" was merely the pretext in the case of Marcos and Duvalier. The use of aid (its threatened withdrawal) as a weapon against both Marcos and Duvalier suggests that its real purpose is income distribution to those heads of state that meet certain State Department criteria. Perhaps State could tell us what these criteria are. Now that Mrs. Aquino has come to power, we are already hearing calls for a massive expansion of aid to the Philippines. This in turn is likely to be as unhelpful to Filipinos as it was when it went to Marcos—perhaps a good deal more so.

As I write Marcos is in Hawaii. Should he come stateside, the left will predictably stir up a hue and cry against him. Policemen on permanent duty arresting demonstrators outside the South African embassy will be able to take a well-deserved vacation. Again, let me stress, it is not democracy that the left is interested in. It is revolution and vengeance that they crave. (Vengeance usually goes by the name of "revolutionary justice.") On the night Marcos left, as mobs were ransacking the Malacanang Palace, Bob Simon said on CBS-TV: "If you've ever wanted to know what revolution looked like, feast your eyes on Manila tonight."

Footnote: A couple of weeks ago, a member of one of the observer teams told me that the CIA was involved in anti-Marcos activity in the Philippines: both with NAMFREL, the volunteer watchdog organization that steered U.S. observers to just those precincts where vote fraud was most likely to occur; and with "We Belong," the reformist officers' movement. Every day I have been expecting this to come out in the papers, but somehow it never has. In this instance, apparently, the principle of free disclosure (always healthy, allegedly) was subordinated to the substance of policy. □

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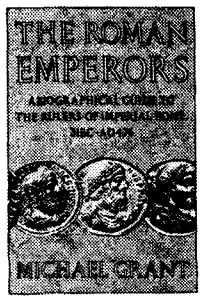

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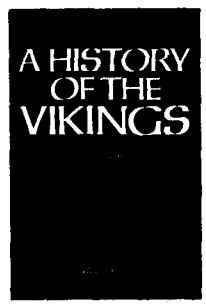

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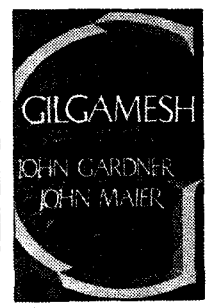

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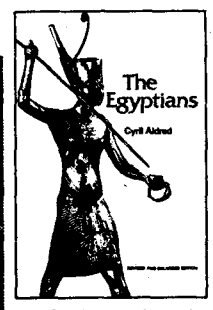

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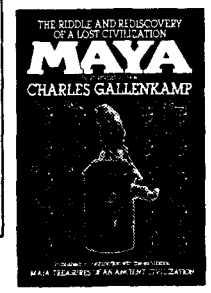

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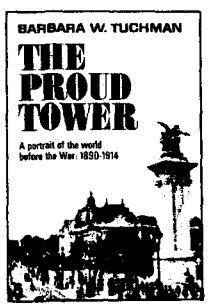

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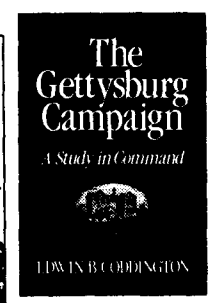

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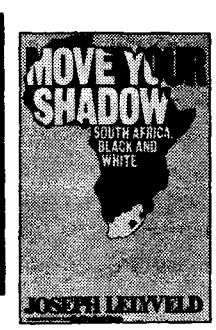

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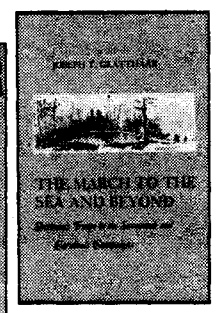

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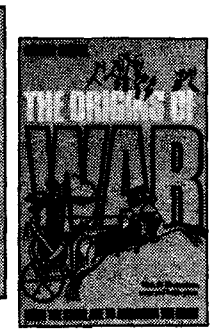

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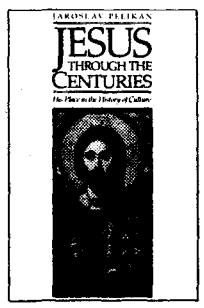

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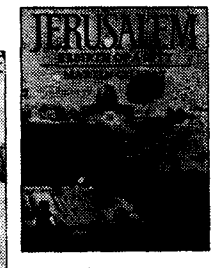

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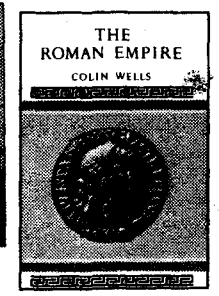

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Fred Barnes

ENOUGH'S ENOUGH

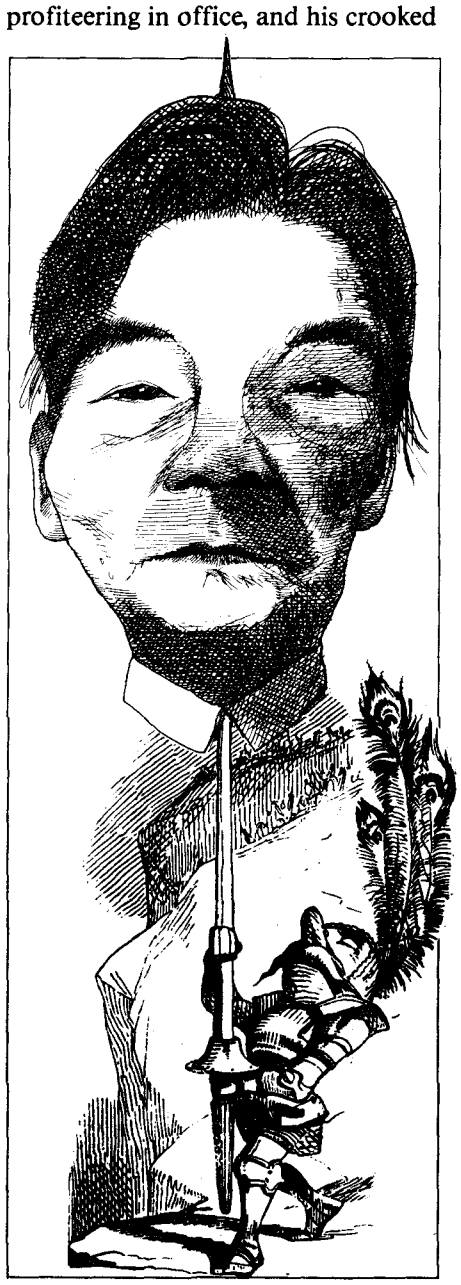
Friend or foe, Marcos had to go.

In light of what has happened to other countries where pro-American autocrats have been ousted, it's discouraging to think about the Philippines now that President Ferdinand E. Marcos has departed. History has not been kind to these countries. For starters, there's the case of Iran, where a bad situation swiftly became breathtakingly worse once the Shah was elsewhere and the Ayatollah in power. In Nicaragua, it appeared that any successor would be a step up from Anastasio Somoza, but the Sandinistas have proved that this was not necessarily so. Or going back a bit, folks in South Vietnam are certainly no better off for having traded in Ngo Dinh Diem for faceless Communist rulers. And it goes without saying that the Cambodian people are not a happier lot for having lost Lon Nol and gained the genocidal Khmer Rouge. Nor are Cubans in finer fettle now that Fulgencio Batista is long gone and Fidel Castro long entrenched. And what about China? Does anybody think its billion people owe a heap of thanks to Mao Tse-tung for shaping up their lives beyond what was likely under Chiang Kai-shek?

Given this grim history, my assumption had been that, even with his flaws, Marcos was better for the Philippines than whoever might replace him. Okay, so he wasn't a Filipino version of Thomas Jefferson; his devotion to democracy had sharp limits. But that doesn't mean he was close to being as bad as the American press characterized him. The U.S. media had done a job on the Shah and Diem and the others, too, and look what that led to. For sure, then, the wisest choice for Filipinos was to stay the course with Marcos. At least that's what I figured before I went to the Philippines in January to cover the presidential election fight between Marcos and Corazon (Cory) Aquino.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

That is not what I think anymore. I found that there's one thing more discouraging than thinking about the Philippines *après* Marcos. It's thinking about the Philippines with Marcos still around. Naturally, American reporters didn't get it quite right; they wanted Marcos out, but for the wrong reasons. They thought his phony war record, his profiteering in office, and his crooked triumph in the February 7 election disqualified him. True, these were nothing to sneer at, especially Marcos's election heist. But there was worse. The continuation of Marcos's rule meant the capitalist resurgence that has swept through Asia and produced rapid growth (and a burgeoning middle class) would not reach the Philippines. And it also meant that the Communist insurgency of the New People's Army (NPA), already a serious threat, would grow. The bottom line is this: The Philippines has a better chance of defeating the Communists with Marcos gone than if he had stayed.



I have my own test for judging pro-American autocrats, and Marcos didn't fare well. It consists of four questions: 1) Is the autocrat an effective ruler, particularly in bringing about economic prosperity? 2) Is he able to thwart Communists or others who would put the country in the Soviet bloc? 3) Does he allow some human rights? 4) Is his regime the closest thing to representative government possible under the circumstances, there being no credible, non-Communist alternative? If the autocrat can answer yes to all four of these, he has a pretty strong claim on his country and shouldn't be trifled with. Example: Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore. A yes answer to two or three is acceptable in some cases, or should be. Examples: the Shah and Diem. But Marcos could answer yes to only one of the questions—he did grant some rights—and it's far from the most important question of the four.

Let's start from the top: Was Marcos an effective ruler? While lining his own pockets, he ran the Filipino economy into the ground. Recall the economic status of the Philippines in 1965, the year Marcos was first elected President. His country was second only to Japan as a budding economic power. Two decades later, it is an economic basket case. Thailand, with the same population problems, has a higher per capita income. Malaysia's GNP is more than three times the Philippines'. Every non-Communist nation in Asia has taken part in the capitalist boom, except the Philippines.

Marcos ruined the economy in two ways. The most egregious was the granting of monopolies to his friends and cronies. These included monopolies over the most important commodities, sugar and coconuts. Marcos and his aides argued unrelentingly that the monopolies had been dismantled. Indeed they had, admitted American officials. Only they'd been erected again in different fashion, and the result was the same. My best authority on this was a supply-side economist I had known in Washington, a Reaganite with impeccable conservative credentials. This fellow, now working in Manila, had no anti-Marcos ax to grind. When I told him that Marcos's chief finance minister had told me the monopolies no longer existed, my friend said simply, "He's lying." I believe my friend.

In any event, there was another way that Marcos hurt the economy—profligate spending. Actually, it's First Lady Imelda Marcos who was the biggest spender of all. She's taller, bigger, and healthier than her husband, but that's not why he let her play with so much of the taxpayers' money. In truth, he's crazy about her. Anyway, she erected costly edifices (a film center, a cultural center, and so on) in downtown Manila that were monuments to her ego and pretensions. To pay for her hobbies and other extravagances, the Philippines borrowed lavishly in the 1970s. Now it owes $27 billion in foreign debt, and the International Monetary Fund has been breathing down its neck. In 1984 its gross national product fell by 6 percent and last year by 4 percent. This year the country will be lucky if zero growth is

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achieved, but given its high birth rate that still means a plummeting standard of living (which has already dropped by 30 percent in the 1980s). If this happened in the United States, President Reagan would have been sent back to Rancho del Cielo rather than reelected. Come to think of it, that's pretty much what happened to Marcos.

Question two: Could he whip the Communists? It didn't look like it. As I was flying to Manila in January, I read a book about the Philippines by American scholar David Steinberg. He zinged Marcos repeatedly, but not for failing to blot out the Communist NPA. The NPA just wasn't a serious threat when he wrote his book several years ago. Now it is, and Marcos wouldn't do what is necessary to deal with it. With political unrest building since the 1983 assassination of opposition leader Benigno Aquino, Marcos kept loyalists in the top echelons of the military. Most were inept, and the result was a de-professionalized military that couldn't shoot straight. Go to an army camp and you found soldiers lollygagging around. Go to the airport for a Marcos arrival and you found generals lined up to grin and wave at their leader.

Meanwhile, the NPA gained ground daily. In a tour of the hinterlands of Mindanao, columnist Robert Novak found that the rule of government itself had melted away in the face of the NPA challenge. Marcos took one seemingly helpful step after the election by firing General Fabian Ver, the army chief of staff. Only Ver didn't step down. Even if he had, many more generals needed to go as well. More important, though, was for Marcos to take the NPA seriously. He didn't and his military budget showed it. Tiny Singapore spends more for defense than Marcos did.

Question three: Did he allow some rights? Yes, Marcos did. This question matters because if an autocrat permits no individual rights at all, he's created a totalitarian state and he's not to be tolerated. But totalitarianism wasn't Marcos's style. Under Marcos, the Philippines had a freer press than most authoritarian countries. There were noisy opposition papers, as the election showed. The opposition held one-third of the seats in the National Assembly. There was some free enterprise. There was freedom of religion, and the Catholic Church emerged as the linchpin of the opposition. Marcos and his wife were forever muttering darkly about liberation priests. When the Marcos motorcade drove past a seminary before the election, the students waved yellow Aquino banners. Imelda took this as further evidence of liberation theology on the move.

Question four: Was there a non-Communist alternative? This is the single most important question. Some ineffective autocrats who can't stamp out the Communist threat are preferable only because there is no democratic or semi-democratic alternative. If they go, the Communist nightfall comes. A good example here is Lon Nol of Cambodia. He was no great shakes, but compared to the Khmer Rouge he was a saint.

In the Philippines, there was a democratic alternative. There were two strong political parties, Marcos's and Cory Aquino's. The vestiges of representative government remained intact, though nine years of martial law under Marcos badly weakened them. Better yet, there is practically no anti-Americanism in the Philippines. If there is a national sentiment in favor of dismantling the two American military installations, Subic Bay Naval Base and Clark Air Base, it didn't surface in the presidential campaign. That issue was mentioned only when American reporters asked.

The problem for American conservatives was that they didn't much like the democratic alternative to Marcos. Many still don't, and for good reason. Aquino is no peach. She has been more foolishly sanguine about Communists than anyone since Jimmy Carter. Her impression is that the NPA, renowned for its mass murders, is made up largely of militant liberals who are eager to negotiate a return to settled society. She once said she'd be happy to have Communists in her government (she later recanted). And Aquino is not as good as Marcos was on the bases. He vowed to keep them, as long as American aid continued. In 1984, she signed a manifesto saying they "must be removed." Now, she says she'll keep them at least until 1991; after that, her options are open.

Despite what you read, the bases are vital. The United States would suffer an immeasurable strategic loss in the Far East if it were forced to shift them 1,000 miles or more eastward. But will Aquino really kick the U.S. military out? The people in the American embassy in Manila don't think so, and I don't either. (Unlike Iran, American diplomats have courted the opposition in the Philippines; they know Aquino well.) The bases are crucial to the Filipino economy; 43,000 Filipinos work there. Moreover, they are critical to democracy. Without the bases, without the strong American presence, the Philippines would be highly vulnerable—to the NPA, the Soviets, Vietnam, anybody. My guess is that Aquino will realize this, just as she will figure out the NPA isn't part of the loyal opposition. But it's only a guess. She could turn out to be terminally naive.

The good news about Aquino is that she's keen on capitalism. The business class in the Philippines backed her campaign passionately. Her chief economic adviser is Jaime Ongpin, the head of the Benguet Corporation, a mining concern. Her speeches call for reasonably unfettered free enterprise with no monopolies, though she often adds a social justice twist. But you don't have to like Aquino to recognize that she represents a credible, democratic successor to Marcos. That's all that is required for us to stop thinking of Marcos as the only acceptable leader. He's wasn't, and even if he had been, he's gone for good. From the standpoint of both the American and Filipino national interest, that is surely for the better. □

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Vic Gold

IMAGES OF BUSH

The price of fame and front-running in a Supermedia age.

Class will come to order. If the straggler in the double-breasted Italian cut will be good enough to close the door behind him, we'll proceed with our second lesson in Political Imagery 401, an advanced course for Madison Avenue account executives gearing up for the 1988 presidential campaign.

Last session, you'll recall, we spent the hour discussing the myriad problems facing a modern dark horse candidate. Our conclusion was that, on the Republican side, Pierre DuPont has made a shrewd move calling himself Pete (though it may cost him the Cajun precincts); while on the Democratic side, all Richard Gephardt has to do to win the 1988 nomination is drop one syllable in his last name, the only question being which syllable.

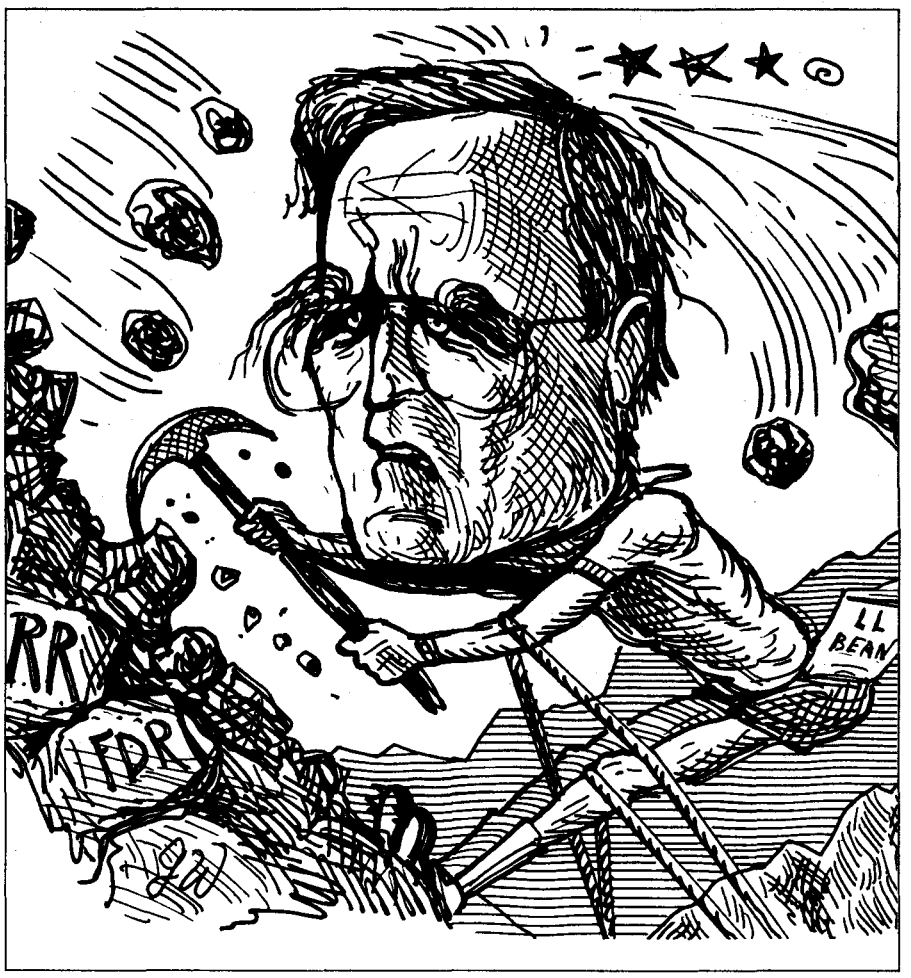
As you see, given the complexities of modern media manipulation, political image-making in the 1980s isn't the simple game it was in a day when presidential nominations were decided in smoke-filled hotel rooms rather than smoke-filled press rooms. For an unknown presidential hopeful today, the name-of-the-game is *name*: how to become recognized, so that when Gallup and Harris take their samplings, the candidate doesn't end up in the "All Others" column. For the known candidate, however, the game is called *identity*; which is to say, while people may recognize the name and face, they don't necessarily know *who* the candidate is. That's where the art of political imagery enters the picture or, as it were, the television screen.

Understand, *who* in this context refers to the candidate's identity in the metaphysical sense. (Stop gaping, I told you this was an advanced course.) Consider the case of Gary Hart in 1984. He quickly earned name recognition after Iowa and New Hampshire, but failed to establish an identity: when voters got a close look, they found—as Gertrude Stein would say if she were a network analyst—there was no *who* there.

Again, consider the case of Jimmy Carter, a candidate who pieced together a marketable persona to win election in 1976, but whose lack of a fixed identity, after four years as President, proved politically terminal. What happened to Carter was that the media created an image that served him for the short haul, but after a while the candidate's *who* confounded the electorate. Aside from the question of whether the man was ever competent to be President, people never quite fathomed whether he was a peanut engineer or a nuclear farmer.

Ronald Reagan, on the other hand, succeeded in projecting a marketable identity to the electorate not because of, but despite, the media. From the beginning of his political career, he has been depicted by the press as, variously, a programmed ex-movie star; an indolent simpleton; and a nuclear-mad hawk. The ability of Reagan to slip the stigma of these media-imposed identities—except among Tip O'Neill fans, Phil Donahue audiences, and readers of *Mother Jones*—bears directly on the 1988 campaign and the image problem facing his Vice President, the presumptive front-runner for the Republican nomination for President, George Bush.

The question, class, is *who* precisely is George Bush and why, suddenly, is the press saying those awful things about him? For years, as he went along building his formidable résumé—congressman; U.N. ambassador; Republican party chairman; envoy to Peking; director of the CIA—Bush enjoyed a generally favorable press and a positive image.



All this changed in 1984, roughly about the time the presidential election race of that year began to shape up as a rout. As nature abhors a vacuum, the nature of the political media abhors a news vacuum; and in the absence of a newsworthy contest at the presidential level, all eyes turned to the "race" for the vice presidency.

To be sure, as students of vice presidential imagery know, this wasn't the first time that the number two spot on a national ticket had drawn the attention of what are known on the trail as the big-feet political reporters and columnists. In 1952 and 1956, unable to scratch the surface of the original Teflon candidate, Dwight Eisenhower, the press focused with a vengeance on his running mate, Richard Nixon; again, in 1968, with Nixon at the head of the Republican ticket and threatening to rout Hubert Humphrey, invidious media comparisons were drawn by the big-feet, between Humphrey's vice presidential choice, Edmund Muskie, and Nixon's "hatchetman," Spiro Agnew.

Clearly, with Mondale trailing badly in the 1984 polls, George Bush was due, even under ordinary circumstances, to undergo a radical imagectomy at the hands of the political press. Geraldine Ferraro's nomination merely compounded his problem.

In the beginning, when his opponent was cast by the media for the role of Madonna of Queens, Ronald Reagan's running mate was automatically slotted for the heavy's role in the campaign. Later, when Ferraro's image became tarnished, Bush's problem with the press, instead of improving, deteriorated. The lesson here is that in

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the heat of a campaign, the media have neither the time nor the inclination to shift imagery. Having been originally cast as the heavy in the 1984 vice presidential scenario, Bush would remain the heavy. Indeed, to the extent that the big-feet are reluctant to admit human error, Ferraro's shortcomings as a candidate were somehow blamed on her opponent. Did Gerry perform below expectations during the vice presidential debate in Philadelphia? It was obviously Bush's fault. He had been a craven bully, and worse: a "blusterer," an "opportunist," a "tub-thumper," and of all things for a Vice President, a "ceaseless cheerleader" for the President.

Four years before, during Bush's unsuccessful race for the Republican presidential nomination, *Newsweek* magazine (author of the tub-thumping, cheerleading charge) had found the candidate's sole shortcoming to be that "he has to show that his fundamental decency is accompanied by enough toughness to be President." That upbeat appraisal of Bush was of a kind with most coverage of his 1980 campaign. What had happened to change the media's perception of the man in four short years? To understand this is to understand not only the dynamics of political imagery in a Supermedia age, but also what George Bush must overcome to win his party's nomination and the election two years from now.

Who is George Bush? Like Ronald Reagan, he has been stigmatized over the years with a number of one-dimensional, media-imposed identities, beginning with:

George the Amiable Preppy. This was the *who* that led, or rather misled, Bush's opponents, along with political experts, to underestimate his resilience during the presidential primary campaign of 1980. The description relates to style, and like the charge that Reagan is merely an ex-movie star, has its basis in fact. Bush *is* a preppy, in the sense that he attended an Ivy League school (Yale)—as did Theodore Roosevelt (Harvard), Robert Taft (Harvard), John F. Kennedy (Harvard), and Chicago Bear defensive back Gary Fencik (Yale). But more: Before Yale, Amiable George went to a prep school, Phillips Andover, which he left on the day of his graduation in January, 1942, to enlist as the Navy's youngest fighter pilot. Flying Grumman torpedo bombers in the Pacific, he went down twice, was rescued (in a manner no less dramatic than "preppy" JFK's) and earned the Distinguished Flying Cross before his discharge.

Some elitist. But the "preppy" label is only one of the pejorative, off-the-mark images Bush must slip past to win nomination and election in 1988. A second misidentification holds that he is not "populist" enough, but rather:

Bush the Eastern Establishmentarian. Here the detractors would slot the Vice President as the product of Wall Street Republicanism, a candidate on the order of Thomas Dewey and Nelson Rockefeller. Again, there is a basis in fact, but only by attainder. Bush's father, who served as U.S. Senator for Connecticut in the 1950s, was indeed a member of a Wall Street brokerage house, but son George, at age 24, rejected life on the stock-and-bond fast track to strike out on his own in West Texas. The special irony here is that, again like Reagan, Bush didn't enjoy the favor of the corporate boardroom fatcats in 1980. Their candidate that year was John Connally (who was, incidentally, also the candidate of one of Bush's most vociferous "populist" critics, Richard Viguerie). Nor will Bush be the candidate of the boardroom in 1988. By current entrail-reading, they're divided in their sympathies, some going to Dole; others to Baker; some to Kemp; others to Bush.

The political reality is that the old geographical division of Republican politics into Eastern Establishment and western "populist" camps has dissolved; as has the convenient compartmentalization of Republicans into eastern liberals (Al D'Amato?) and western conservatives (Bob Packwood?). This moves us, class, to the next false stereotype of the Vice President, which is:

Bush *is* a preppy, in the sense that he attended an Ivy League school (Yale)—as did Theodore Roosevelt (Harvard), Robert Taft (Harvard), John F. Kennedy (Harvard), and Chicago Bear defensive back Gary Fencik (Yale).

Bush the "Moderate" Republican. And it is precisely here, on this point of misidentification, that George Bush's problems with the press began. After his upset victory in Iowa in 1980, he was viewed by the anti-Reagan media as the Republican alternative to the nuclear-mad hawk. Overlooking Bush's conservative record as a Texas congressman, his support of Goldwater at the 1964 convention, and his fundamental agreement with Reagan on all but a few issues, the big-feet osmotically felt Bush to be a kindred ideological spirit. This, despite the pointed assessment made by John Anderson during the primaries, that George Bush was simply "Ronald Reagan in a Brooks Brothers suit."

So it was that when Bush, as Vice President, began espousing Reagan Administration policies *as if he meant it*, the national political press felt betrayed. He had, as they perceived it, committed the unforgivable political sin of switching images, from left to right. Only an unprincipled tub-thumper could do such a thing; a craven opportunist intent on capturing the Republican nomination in 1988, and the presidency, at any cost. All of which leads to the last, but perhaps most determinative reason that George Bush has incurred the wrath of the big-feet, to a degree reminiscent of the media treatment given Ronald Reagan in 1980. In this case, the motive of those denigrating the Bush image has to do with what he is rather than what he isn't, namely:

Bush the Front-runner. Beyond ideology, the Supermedia of the 1980s view every presidential election in terms of their own commercial needs, the chiefest of which is the need for a contest. It has been said before, but it can't be repeated too often: the six-figure salaries of today's political media superstars depend on creating white hat-black hat drama, reportage that thrives on personality, conflict, and controversy. If there had been no George Bush to challenge Ronald Reagan in 1980, one would have been created; and indeed *was* created, when Bush faltered, in the media-puffed *who* of John Anderson, the candidate with "new ideas." Just as four years later, when the Democratic primary process shaped up as a Mondale runaway, Gary Hart, another candidate of "new ideas," captured the imagination of the political press on the strength of a pitiable second-place showing in Iowa.

Be assured, class, even if George Bush, like Ronald Reagan, is able to slip the false identities the media would impose on him—preppy, "moderate," Eastern Establishmentarian—he'll have his share of image problems heading into 1987 and beyond. Somewhere, sometime—Michigan, Iowa, New Hampshire, Florida?—there will be a candidate of "new ideas" to challenge him, perhaps some dark horse even now waiting for the media lightning that might pull him out of the "All Others" column. So *who* will it be? Armstrong, Rumsfeld, Haig, Laxalt, DuPont?

DuPont. Now there's a name to conjure with. Call him Pete or call him Pierre, if he does nothing else he's guaranteed to take the elitist load off George's back. □

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Marin Strmecki

THE ROAD TO KABUL

On patrol with the *mujahedeen*.

When an estimated 85,000 Soviet troops swarmed into Afghanistan under the command of General Ivan Pavlovsky—whose previous credits included the planning and execution of the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968—Moscow probably expected the Afghan insurgency to collapse after a spasm of heroic resistance. Now, after six years of steadily increased fighting, the Afghans are still holding out against Moscow's superior forces.

It is often said that Soviet troops control the major cities and highways and the Afghan resistance holds the countryside. That is correct as a broad generalization of the military situation. But on my first trip into Afghanistan last year I found that even this commonplace probably overstates the degree to which the Kremlin leaders have achieved the least of their goals.

From Peshawar, Pakistan, I traveled with twenty *mujahedeen* for several hours in a pickup truck on a dirt road. When the road ended, we clambered up a desolate ridge to reach the Durand Line—the arbitrary out-of-bounds line drawn by London and Moscow for the Great Game in the nineteenth century which later became the official Afghan-Pakistani border. Hamed, a young *mujahed* who was one of my guides, turned to me and said, "Welcome to Afghanistan—no passport required." As we crossed the border there was not a hint of a Soviet presence, for the only point on the entire thousand-mile frontier controlled by the Soviets is the Khyber Pass. We descended on foot, heading toward a base camp at Daka, a front-line position near the road running from the Khyber Pass to Kabul.

The phrase "guerrilla conflict" conjures up images of a war without front lines and fixed positions and with invisible insurgents suddenly appearing for hit-and-run raids. Along this border area, the terrain, rocky and utterly barren, would seem to make guerrilla operations problematic, with cover scarce and stealth difficult.

As we walked around a fold in the ridge, I was surprised to find the *mujahedeen* base camp—in plain sight—with its tents and supplies almost begging for a Soviet Mi-24 helicopter gunship to come along to unload its rocket pods. On an adjacent peak, a black-and-white flag of the National Islamic Front of Afghanistan, one of the Peshawar-based resistance organizations, fluttered in the wind, announcing our position to one and all. And in case anyone missed the point that we were there, the *mujahedeen* fired off a fusillade into the air from their AK-47s to welcome their journalist guest.

After the traditional late-afternoon Afghan lunch, I sat down for an interview with the base camp's commanders, Sangean Khan and Guldan Khan. I first asked whether the Soviets knew about this *mujahedeen* position.

"Yes, of course," Commander Sangean answered.

I asked if the Soviets could see it.

"Yes, of course."

I inquired whether enemy forces could attack the location easily.

"Yes, of course."

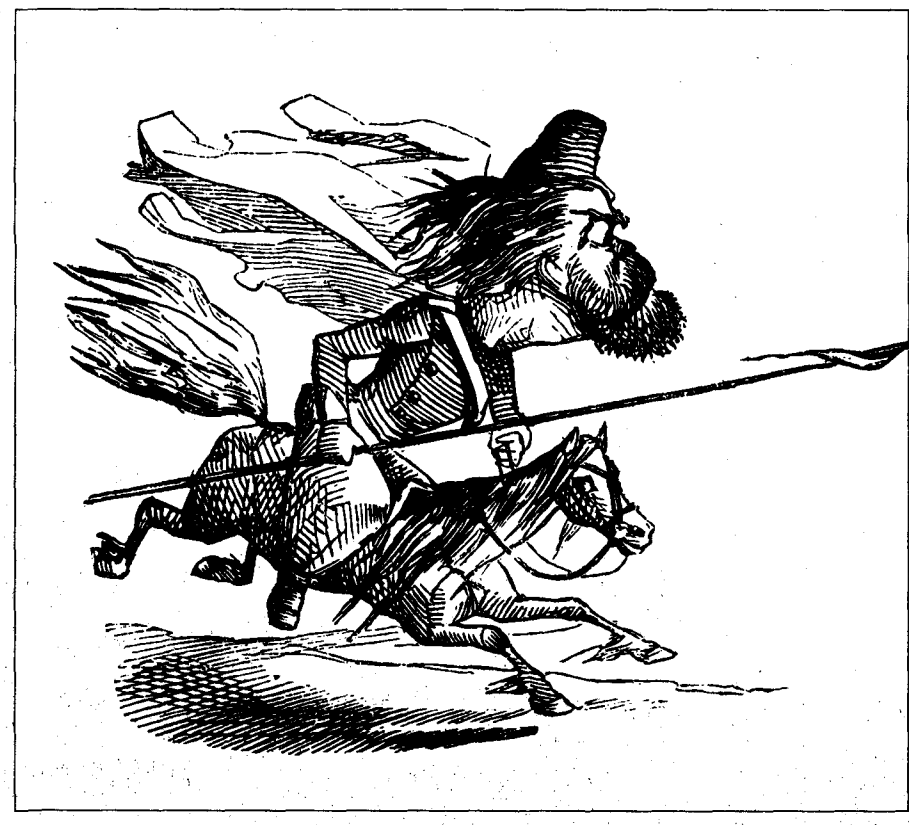
Anxiously loosening the tie I was not wearing, I then asked, "If they know where we are and if they are so nearby on the highway, why don't they attack us?"

After a momentary pause, Commander Sangean replied defiantly, "Because they are afraid."

On balance, he was correct. The *mujahedeen* have made the most of what little they have. Despite foreign-supplied military assistance, the *mujahedeen* are poorly armed and supplied. Compared with having nothing, the Afghans have a lot; compared with what they need, they have next to nothing. Around Daka, among the platoon-size base camps of the National Islamic Front, there was a total of five DshK heavy machine guns, thirty-five AK-47s (fifteen captured and twenty foreign-supplied), about seventy clips of bullets, two rocket-propelled grenade launchers, and three RPG rounds.[1] That stockpile was relatively low even by resistance standards, only enough to arm about 20 percent of *mujahedeen* in the area. For a Western army, it would be occasion to begin a disorderly general retreat.

But the Afghans have largely compensated for this handicap by mastering the art of defensive positioning. A typical camp, like the one at Daka, is tucked into a crease between two ridges of a mountain, with steep slopes rising on three sides, and has DshK heavy machine guns positioned at the crests of the surrounding hills. (In addition, many base camps have bomb shelters chiseled into the mountainside, though Daka did not.)

As a result, if an air strike comes over the adjacent ridges, it is likely that bombs and rockets will hit the opposite side of the hill; and if a jet or helicopter approaches up the crease between the ridges, it will fly broadside past the heavy machine gun sites. That provides a measure of protection from a MiG fighter-bomber. It is less effective against the heavily armored Mi-24 helicopter gunship, though even it is vulnerable around its engines. A ground assault requires the enemy to fight uphill on foot against *mujahedeen* lying in ambush at carefully constructed sniper locations; and if the base falls, the resistance troops simply fall back to another loca-



Marin Strmecki, a former editorial assistant for Richard Nixon, is a research associate in the office of Zbigniew Brzezinski at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies.

[1]Since I visited Daka, the levels of arms and ammunition have changed with combat operations and resupply efforts, so publication of these figures will not in any way help the Soviets.

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tion higher in the mountains.

This is not to say that *mujahedeen* positions are not vulnerable. Soviet forces have the firepower to overrun them at will—but only at a price. If Moscow seeks enduring territorial gains, it must be willing to suffer substantially increased losses. It must not only displace the Afghans but also replace them with its own troops—and then be prepared to fight off sustained Afghan counterattacks.

So far, given the potential costs in rubles and lives, the Kremlin leaders have balked.

In late afternoon, our conversation turned to a planned attack on an enemy post on the nearby highway. Soviet and Afghan government forces controlled the road by dotting it with squad or platoon-size outposts at half-kilometer intervals. Afghan resistance forces harassed the enemy by periodically launching raids against the posts, and one of these had been slated for attack.

Commander Sangean told me that battlefield trenches had not yet been dug and ammunition shipments had not yet arrived—not unusual in a world wholly lacking the Western concept of efficiency—and all agreed to delay deciding the timing of the attack until the next day. In this case, procrastination was the better part of valor. In the meantime, Hamed suggested, "Tonight we will go down to the road to look around. I think it will be interesting for you."

At dusk, as we prepared to set out, Commander Guldan chose ten *mujahedeen*, equipped with AK-47s and RPG-7s, to protect us. After instructing the men where to position themselves, he told them we would use the password "Harakat," the name of one of the other Peshawar-based resistance parties, as we approached. "Take every precaution," Guldan added while setting out with the advance party. "The guest is with you."

We walked for two hours over loose rock along a dry river bed, which, according to Hamed, was heavily mined. It is a standard tactic to surround Soviet and Afghan government positions with minefields, partly to keep the *mujahedeen* from approaching but mostly to prevent Afghan government troops from defecting. Since mines cause about half of all resistance casualties, we walked single file to minimize the danger. Intact, we came around the corner of a hill, climbed over a five-foot wall, scrambled up a sandy embankment, and emerged on the road to Kabul.

It was a two-lane asphalt highway, about the same quality as a typical county trunk in Wisconsin. In the light of a half moon, the pavement shone with a silvery hue—which was good because we could see where we were going, but then so could the enemy. With his Soviet-made 1938 pistol in hand, Commander Guldan expansively explained that foreigners were wrong to say that the Russians control the roads in Afghanistan. He showed me where a *mujahedeen* mine had destroyed a tank, leaving a pothole rivaling any found even in New York, and where the Soviet troops inside were caught and killed. He also pointed out the silhouettes of enemy posts on the hills above, smiling with delight as we heard Soviet guards shout alerts and fire warning shots.

As we continued walking along the road, I leaned over to my other guide, Tor, and asked how dangerous it was to be walking on this part of the road.

"Very dangerous," he answered. "There are Russians all around."

I inquired whether they could see us.

"Yes, why not?"

I told him to ask Commander Guldan why the enemy was not shooting at us.

"They do not want to fight *mujahedeen* at night," Guldan replied with a broad, satisfied smile. "They also do not know how many *mujahedeen* are here—so they will not dare start the fight with us." Fear governs war. But for Guldan, running risks is not only a means to an end, but also an end in itself. It was at once both disconcerting to be on his side and reassuring that he was on ours. It was even more comforting to know that looking through Soviet telescopic and night sights is about as helpful as peering through the bottom of a Coke bottle.

After walking for a couple of kilometers, we climbed a ten-foot-high embankment on the roadside and looked down on an enemy post not fifty yards away. This was the position the *mujahedeen* were planning to attack. I could see that our armed escort had placed itself yards away from the post's perimeter, and when the wind died down we could all hear the Afghan government troops singing inside their tents. Commander Guldan turned to me and said, "We will conduct the attack now if you wish."

I told him that as the military commander he should determine when we should attack.

"You are the guest," he said. "You must decide."

I responded that if there was a military reason to attack now, we should do it; if not, we should wait.

"No, the guest must decide," he insisted. "This attack is being conducted for your sake. Whenever you want the attack to begin, we will go ahead."

That was not idle talk. Afghan resistance leaders desperately want news coverage because theirs will become a forgotten cause without it. Since journalists are pressed by deadlines, commanders will often contrive attacks and run extra risks to accommodate the newsmen. In fact, most daylight attacks on fixed enemy positions are conducted simply for the benefit of television, because the *mujahedeen* prefer to strike at night.

I told him that as the military commander he should determine when we should attack. "You are the guest," he said. "You must decide."

Our conversation continued as we climbed down the embankment. Commander Guldan sat down on the right half of the pavement—the lane to Kabul—and gestured for me to join him. Meanwhile, Hamed was ecstatically exclaiming that it had been two years since he had been on a road in his country, and Tor was praying to Mecca, using his field jacket as a prayer rug. I asked the commander whether the *mujahedeen* were ready to attack and told him that I did not want them to run unnecessary risks which would cause greater casualties on our side.

He dismissed that concern by saying that there would be casualties whenever the attack took place. Commander Guldan, like most Afghan resistance fighters, is more a warrior than a soldier. *Mujahedeen* are natural fighters, who handle modern weapons ably and are excellent sharpshooters. As we walked along the road, a ring of armed guards—which Tor dubbed "*mujahedeen* artillery"—silently took up blocking positions near the enemy posts. But a soldier keeps risks proportional to objectives, while a warrior regards daring itself as a higher value. Spending so much time exposed to potential enemy fire was pointless, but Commander Guldan apparently shared Churchill's sentiment that there is nothing so thrilling as being shot at and missed.

For twenty minutes—while surrounded by enemy posts—we pursued this circular discussion. But I finally persuaded him to stick with Commander Sangean's plan of waiting until another day. As we stood up to leave, we heard a shout from the enemy post on the hill behind us. Hamed observed, "I believe they are saying that we should go on our way now."

As we began walking back toward the base camp, Tor said, "It is good we no attack."

I asked why.

"We no have too much bullets," he answered. It was an astute observation: We could have offered a real fight for about ten minutes.

What was most impressive about the evening stroll on the road to Kabul was the degree of vulnerability of the Soviet and Afghan government positions. When the raid on the post finally took place two weeks later, it touched off a chain of attacks that led the *mujahedeen* to overrun and to hold temporarily all Soviet-Afghan government positions on a 30-kilometer stretch of the highway, including those at the Khyber Pass.

In guerrilla war, "control" of territory is measured by how freely each side can operate in it. If the Soviets can move around in small groups, they control the area; if the *mujahedeen* feel secure moving in large groups, the territory is theirs. In general, Moscow's positions are hemmed in by *mujahedeen* base camps. Each Soviet position is a Dien Bien Phu waiting to happen.

In most of the countryside, including areas bordering Pakistan, resistance forces are free to travel in large groups because there is virtually no Soviet or Afghan government presence. Around their front-line base camps, on the other hand, *mujahedeen* forces operate in platoon-size units; their defensive positioning and heavy machine guns give them a degree of protection from enemy air strikes. But between the resistance base camps and the Soviet and Afghan positions, there is a no-man's land where neither side operates freely. The *mujahedeen* dare not move into this area in large groups, for they would be detected and destroyed by helicopter patrols; enemy forces cannot enter it in small groups, for they would be ambushed by resistance squads. Soviet-Afghan government positions remain secure in the sense that Communist forces operate safely in small patrols around them, but vulnerable in the sense that the *mujahedeen* can easily approach or even overrun the positions, especially under cover of darkness.

Thus the overwhelming majority of Afghanistan's territory—at least 90 percent—is strategically accessible to the *mujahedeen*. Kabul's administrative reach does not extend beyond the perimeter of its military bases. Still, Moscow's armies in Afghanistan,

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which now consist of 118,000 troops, can take any territory they choose—but only if they attack in force.

Our walk on the highway was also instructive about what it will take for the Soviets truly to win the war. The point of departure for a Soviet strategy is to control the Afghan-Pakistani border, thereby cutting resistance supply routes. If Moscow tries to seal the border in the same way it holds the highways—a string of small outposts—it will have to send in at least 500,000 troops; and pacifying the countryside will require still more reinforcements. It is worth recalling that when President Johnson was contemplating the major escalation of the U.S. commitment in Vietnam, his military advisers told him it would take 700,000 to one million troops and seven years to do the job.

Afghan resistance forces have two advantages. The first is depth of defense—Afghanistan is a large, rugged country. The second is depth of conviction. Moscow might think that in international politics right and wrong are not decisive factors. But justice is not irrelevant to the balance of power, for a just cause can create a powerful motivation to prevail, especially among troops who act more like warriors than soldiers.

Although the word *mujahed* literally means "one who undertakes a great effort," it is usually translated poetically as "holy warrior." That is an apt characterization. The *mujahedeen* tell all visiting journalists that because the Koran orders the faithful to "fight the invader" the Soviet-Afghan war will continue as long as even one Russian is still in Afghanistan and one Afghan is still alive to fight him. This observation is usually made in a matter-of-fact manner. But no one should be misled by the tone—for them it *is* simply a matter of fact. In Afghanistan, the Age of Faith never passed. □

Rael Jean Isaac

SANCTUARY SCOUNDRELS

Movement politics in a humanitarian guise.

On March 24, 1984, as the bells pealed, a caravan of twenty-eight cars pulled into the grounds of Weston Priory, a Benedictine monastery in the Green Mountains of Vermont. The cars were adorned with signs: "U.S. Out of Central America," "Stop the Guns to Central America," "This is a Freedom Train." At the head of the procession was a brown van, blaring marimba music and carrying Felipe and Elena Excot and their five children, illegal aliens from Guatemala. Weston Priory was the destination of a week-long, 1700-mile journey to eight cities, in which the caravan had been met at each stop by TV cameras, reporters, and hundreds of church supporters. On pulling into the monastery, Felipe Excot told an Associated Press reporter that he felt "a duty to tell Americans how governments supported by their tax dollars force Christians in Central America to bury their Bible and hide their communion wafers."

Such hoopla is typical of a movement that calls itself, incongruously, the new underground railroad. In Seattle, sanctuary families have been greeted by the mayor while the chief of police assigned them a special escort. The accompanying publicity is crucial, for while officially its goal is purely humanitarian, the real goal of the movement is to achieve guerrilla victories in Central America and to bring the "revolution" home—to the United States.

By last winter approximately 250 churches and twelve synagogues had declared themselves "sanctuaries." More impressive than the relatively small number of participating churches (compared with the 339,000 churches in the U.S.) has been the endorsement of church bureaucracies. While the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and even the normally activist United States Catholic Conference have steered clear of the sanctuary movement, the Protestant mainline church organizations, ranging from the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church to the United Methodist Board of Church and Society, have lent official moral—and financial—support.

The movement is spreading outward from the churches. In the past several years, we have seen how local communities have grown accustomed to forging their own independent foreign policy in accordance with the nuclear freeze movement (hundreds passed freeze resolutions or declared themselves "nuclear free zones"). At this writing Chicago, Madison, St. Paul, Ithaca, Olympia, Duluth, Berkeley, Seattle, and Cambridge have declared themselves sanctuary cities; many more have such declarations in the pipeline.

Actually, these resolutions are more of symbolic than practical importance. Seeking simultaneously to satisfy activists and reassure ordinary citizens, politicians sometimes find themselves in the position of claiming that what they describe as a tremendously important humanitarian undertaking will, nevertheless, have no ramifications for the taxpayer. In Seattle residents were told that declaring the city a sanctuary will not bring more refugees to it, will not make refugees eligible for any benefits, and will not bring federal penalties upon the city. But the chief practical consequence of these resolutions lies in the encouragement they give to would-be immigrants in Central America, where, according to the *New York Times*, word of these declarations has spread rapidly. There they are wrongly construed to mean that if an immigrant can reach any one of these sanctuary cities, he is safe from the immigration authorities.

For all the peripheral civic activity, churches remain at the heart of the

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Rael Jean Isaac's most recent book (with Erich Isaac) is The Coercive Utopians *(Regnery Gateway). Her article on the Government Accountability Project appeared in the November 1985* American Spectator.

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sanctuary movement. It began on March 24, 1982, the second anniversary of the assassination of El Salvador's Bishop Oscar Romero. The Southside Presbyterian Church in Tucson, led by its pastor, John Fife, publicly announced it would serve as a "sanctuary" for undocumented refugees. A day earlier the church threw down the gauntlet in a letter to then Attorney General William French Smith: "We are writing to inform you that Southside United Presbyterian Church will publicly violate the Immigration Nationality Act 274 (a)."

But today's movement has other roots—mainly in the secular political organizations in "solidarity" with Central American guerrilla groups. This is not to say that the sanctuary movement consists of religiously motivated humanitarians manipulated by left-wing secularists. On the contrary, the religious leadership of the sanctuary movement shares the politics of the secular left. Their themes are repeatedly emphasized in many of their writings: for example, in *Sanctuary: The New Underground Railroad*, a new, Maryknoll-sponsored book by Renny Golden, a former nun, and Michael McConnell, a United Church of Christ minister, who together serve as chief "theologians" of the movement. In this literature one finds a cornucopia of radical clichés: Some are rich *because* others are poor; the United States, the great force for evil in the world, has "manufactured" the poverty of the south ("It had been imported and imposed upon them"); virtue and hope are incarnated in Nicaragua, to which Golden and McConnell pay tribute: "We acknowledge the Nicaraguan people fighting for its life even now, and the church of the people, which has lived revolutionary hope in the midst of devastation."

The mechanics of sanctuary vary from church to church. The question of whether to become a sanctuary is sometimes decided by a vote of the church membership as a whole, sometimes by a parish council or church (or synagogue) board. Once a church decides to become part of the movement, the Chicago Religious Task Force on Central America, the coordinating body of the sanctuary movement, usually undertakes the responsibility for "matching" a church and a refugee, with the church, like a would-be adoptive couple, sometimes waiting for up to two years until an appropriate match is made.

The refugees generally come from Mexico via Tucson through the efforts of the Tucson Ecumenical Council. Refugee selection has been described by Rob Huesca, whose credentials as a former intern for the *Nation* magazine earned him a part in the process during his year's stay in Mexico. Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees, who are selected in Mexico after referral by groups in El Salvador and extensive interviews, must not only oppose U.S. policy but "express a willingness to relate their experiences publicly on arrival in the United States." And the refugee-in-sanctuary can indeed be kept busy. Rene Hurtado, for example, a Salvadoran in sanctuary with St. Luke's Presbyterian Church in suburban Minneapolis (and of whom, more shortly), related his pageant. This caused some turmoil among church members when it was discovered that they were not married, an omission subsequently rectified. But Federico was solid politically. He told an interviewer that he would not become an American citizen because he would have to pay income taxes used for weapons for the anti-guerrilla Guatemalan government. He complained also that the American people "do not concern themselves with liberty, justice, and respect for the individual."

In Seattle, sanctuary families have been greeted by the mayor while the chief of police assigned them a special escort.

story to more than 150 groups, ranging from union assemblies to meetings of the Fort Snelling Air Force Reserve, in places as far afield as Illinois and Oregon. Although precise figures are difficult to discern, there are at present probably no more than 500 refugees in sanctuary in the U.S. Their importance obviously derives not from their numbers, but from the political use to which they can be put. As Golden and McConnell put it: "Sanctuary, at its best, has not been a place to hide in, but a platform to speak out from."

The Chicago Religious Task Force asks that the church keep on the premises for at least two weeks the refugee or refugee family assigned to it. During this initial period, the refugees are supposed to be monitored around the clock. The refugee, for example, may be housed in a Sunday school room converted into a bedroom, while in an adjacent room someone is continuously on guard, providing companionship and security from the Immigration Service. In practice, security problems are more apt to plague the guard. The movement's literature warns that young women have been frightened by vigorous romantic overtures from their wards.

In some cases, however, refugees are kept in churches for a much longer period. The Riverside Church in New York City harbored a Guatemalan couple and their son for sixteen months in the building's tower, moving them only recently when the Immigration Service showed up to serve a summons requiring the couple to testify in Tucson at the trial of eleven sanctuary workers. In a pattern typical of refugees in sanctuary, the couple, who gave their names as Ana and Federico, would wear bandanas over their faces at services, but walk in the street with their faces uncovered. Ana, Federico, and their young son Carlos played the Holy Family in the church's Christmas

In other cases, refugees are not harbored in churches at all, but kept in homes of congregation members or placed immediately in apartments. Sometimes several churches (or churches and a synagogue) take joint responsibility for the needs of a family housed elsewhere, making the declaration of sanctuary only symbolic, an assertion of moral virtue without risk. For example, none of the eleven Reform synagogues that has declared itself a sanctuary has actually harbored a refugee.

Given the selection process, it is not surprising that the Salvadorans and Guatemalans in sanctuary tend to speak a uniform rhetoric. Felipe Excot, for example, the Guatemalan whom we encountered above, told a symposium of sanctuary activists meeting in Tucson last year that the people's oppressors in Guatemala "are in alliance also with wealthy families from the United States and also from Israel." Another Guatemalan in sanctuary, an army deserter, told the same conference that sanctuary was a symbol of solidarity with the people of Central America in the struggle against "U.S. and Israeli imperialism." American organizers of the movement speak, if anything, an even harsher rhetoric. Stacey Merkt, one of the first sanctuary workers to be brought to trial for transporting aliens, describes her sense of "standing in the belly of the beast. The reality of destruction, oppression, and injustice is so tightly and subtly woven into the fabric of our lives that we don't see it." For Jim Corbett, widely credited as the founder of the movement, "our message is simply that . . . the people of El Salvador and Guatemala are being tortured into resigning themselves to established patterns of subjugation—that is, to military rule of a wealthy elite that acts as the agent of U.S. domination."

The movement's organizers are thus troubled by the tendency of some churches to see sanctuary as simply a humanitarian effort, a form of refugee resettlement work. Many of the congregations that have become sanctuaries first worked with refugees from Vietnam and saw helping Salvadorans and Guatemalans as an extension of their former activity. The Chicago Religious Task Force has expressed its frustration: "What is the value of a sanctuary church that continues its support (by silence, by vote or by whatever) for U.S. policies in Central America?" Those selected for sanctuary are supposed to counter this tendency and often prove adept at it. On hearing the story of one Salvadoran in sanctuary at a Seattle church, an impressed church member arose to say that he was reminded of the people of Israel: the refugees had left Egypt (El Salvador), wandered through the wilderness (other countries), and finally reached the promised land (the U.S.). The refugee countered: "Far from feeling I have left Egypt, I feel I have come to Egypt." As one of those present noted, the congregation then asked itself, "Is the U.S. Egypt? Is Reagan Pharaoh?"

At a Presbyterian conference on sanctuary, the refugees in attendance formed their own work group to demand that stopping U.S. intervention be the primary goal of the movement. No wonder that Golden and McConnell point to the importance refugee testimony has had in compelling "most sanctuary congregations into direct attempts at trying to stop United States intervention in Central America."

Since individuals in sanctuary can have little doubt what the movement's leadership wants from them, it is inevitable that some beneficiaries of the movement have come to give their hosts an extra measure of what they desire. Some truly extraordinary tales have come to be told. Take the case of Rene Hurtado, who described himself as a reformed Salvadoran death squad member. In a series of press interviews with Minneapolis newspapers over several years, Hurtado portrayed his previous actions in a progressively more lurid light. Secure in his status as a former death squader, Hurtado said he had participated in killings, applied electric shocks, torn the skin off his victims, and even raped a woman on a public street. His torture techniques, he said, were taught him in a month-long course by U.S. Green Berets. Not surprisingly Hurtado was in great demand as a speaker. By 1985 he felt sufficiently secure from arrest by immigration authorities to have his own apartment and even his own listed number in the Minneapolis telephone book. Unfor-

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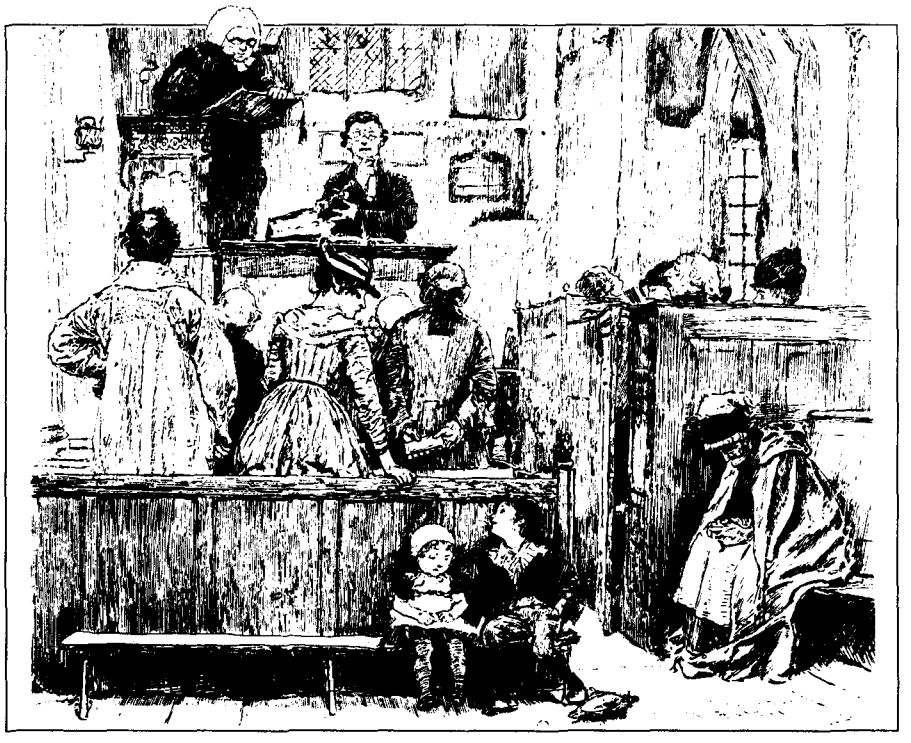
tunately, his tale of torture lessons given by the Green Berets caught the eye of General John Vessey, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, whose subsequent investigation led to Hurtado's arrest by the Immigration Service in February 1985, as he attended an adult education class. (The National Council of Churches promptly posted most of his $50,000 bond.)

Hurtado now had a problem. To avoid deportation he had to apply for political asylum under the terms of the Refugee Act of 1980, which specifically excludes those who have persecuted others. It also turned out that Hurtado's story after his arrest differed in crucial respects from his earlier testimony. David Beebe, deputy director for the INS in St. Paul, noted that in his first application for asylum, made before he entered sanctuary and after his first apprehension by the Immigration Service in 1982, Hurtado had written that he was on a Salvadoran government death list; at a later hearing, also held before he entered sanctuary, he said he was on a guerrilla death list. His new attorney denied there were any contradictions and argued that newspaper interviews had seriously misrepresented what Hurtado had said. Indeed, in his new application for asylum, Hurtado now claimed he had never been a member of a death squad and had never killed anyone.

The Hurtado episode reveals how eager sanctuary activists are to believe in American evil-doing. In their book, for example, Golden and McConnell describe an unnamed Guatemalan sergeant in sanctuary in Ohio who also claimed to have learned the torturer's trade in military school from "U.S. soldiers." One of these soldiers was apparently quick to take offense; when a member of the torture class made fun of his accent, the American soldier shot him point blank. This Guatemalan sergeant makes Hurtado sound like a Boy Scout. His unit, he reports, disposed of children under four by cutting off their heads, of those five and over by beatings (to save ammunition), and those twelve and over by torture. The sergeant himself pales compared with his uncle. The uncle apparently disliked his in-laws, and offered the sergeant a chance for advancement if he would dispose of them by massacring the entire village they lived in. The sergeant's uncle also boasted that he had killed 3,500 people single-handedly—which certainly qualifies him for a place in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. *Guinness*, however, requires some authentication; the sanctuary movement does not.



Nowhere are the sanctuary movement's real priorities more apparent than in the double standard it applies to Nicaraguans who appeal to it for help. The last several years have seen a rising wave of Nicaraguan immigrants, largely made up, like the Salvadoran and Guatemalan immigration, of young men unwilling to serve in the army and eager to find work. Since most cannot prove they are *individual* targets of persecution they do not qualify for refugee status, a situation similar to that of the Salvadorans and Guatemalans. What is different is that they have fled a "progressive" regime.

And for the sanctuary movement, this makes all the difference. John O'Leary, who worked earlier with Vietnamese refugees, created an organization in Washington called New Exodus after discovering the ban that church and Central American solidarity groups had put on Nicaraguans. Himself a member of the National Lawyers Guild (the major U.S. affiliate of the International Association of Democratic Lawyers, an international Soviet front), O'Leary says the guild leadership told him that "it was not politically correct to criticize the Sandinista government, because it would damage [the Sandinistas'] credibility." New Exodus now gives help to Nicaraguans as well as Salvadorans and Guatemalans.

Consider also the transformation of Casa Romero, a Roman Catholic-sponsored shelter in San Benito, Texas. Once at the cutting edge of the sanctuary movement, it has now become a genuine humanitarian shelter open to any immigrant. After the arrests last year of two directors and an assistant on charges of smuggling aliens, Bishop John Fitzpatrick appointed a new director, Sister Ninfa Garza. Earlier the four-room shelter was considered overcrowded if it contained thirty people; by November 1985 it sheltered 205 refugees, including in almost equal numbers aliens who had eluded the border police and those who had been caught and were free on bond. A majority of these refugees were Nicaraguans, a reflection of the shifting composition of the alien tide coming over the Mexican border. When it came to obtaining legal help, Casa Romero found that Proyecto Libertad, a legal group helping the area's sanctuary movement, wanted no part of the Nicaraguans. Sister Garza told a *Washington Post* reporter: "The lawyers made it so clear that they would help some and not others that they made it difficult for us. The Nicaraguans would ask, 'What is wrong with us? Why are we different?'" Jeff Larsen of Proyecto Libertad explained why they were different to the same reporter. "We find that most Nicaraguans are really here because of the economic situation. A lot of people in this office would be upset taking their cases." (As the *Post* reporter observed, Larsen sounded just like the lawyers for the INS describing Salvadorans and Guatemalans.) Larsen did not like what had happened at Casa Romero: "The church has backed down and the place is run by Nicaraguans."

While Nicaraguans are kept away from sanctuary churches, these churches cannot wholly avoid other contradictions inherent in the movement. Frequently, for example, those taken into sanctuary seek to bring over other members of their family. It being an article of faith that such people are in acute danger, requests like these should be considered matters of life or death. Yet as Golden and McConnell point out, using funds for such purposes "means pouring into resettlement work finances that could go toward further organizing of conscientization efforts toward stopping the war." Faced with such a request, the Cincinnati Sanctuary Project decided to redouble its fundraising efforts so as to bring over the other members of the immigrant's family *and* continue organizing work against Reagan's Central America policy. But it made clear to the family-in-sanctuary that it would not continue this type of rescue if other refugees made similar requests. In the words of the project's Suzanne Dorge: "We were caught on the horns of an ethical dilemma. How could we be most faithful to the Central American plea for solidarity—by stopping U.S. aggression or by saving a few more lives?"

The interplay between the sanctuary leadership and the hard-core left does much to explain why political considerations tend to override humanitarian ones within the movement. The cooperation extends from organizing efforts to publications to legal support activities. For example, members of the Chicago Religious Task Force and the National Lawyers Guild combined forces to produce a legal handbook, *Sanctuary and the Law: A Guide for Congregations*, which looks forward to appeals to the United Nations (a favorite National Lawyers Guild ploy) to deter the U.S. government should it crack down on churches in the movement. To a considerable extent the National Lawyers Guild, along with the Center for Constitutional Rights, a "public interest" law firm created by guild activists, have served as the legal arm of the sanctuary movement. In May 1985, the Guild and the Center together filed suit on behalf of over seventy religious organizations seeking to end all deportations of Salvadorans and to block federal prosecution of sanctuary workers on the grounds that such prosecution violated their right to the free exercise of religious faith. (The Center for Constitutional Rights also served as counsel in a similar suit filed in January by the Presbyterian Church and the American Lutheran Church.) And the Guild and the Center are involved in the case brought by the government against sanctuary activists in Tucson.

Now if the prospect of "victory to the people" and "an end to U.S. Imperialism" is compelling to the sanctuary leadership, it is not enough to motivate the average churchgoer to defy the law. For this a powerful emotional appeal is necessary, and activists have found it in the claim that churchgoers who fail to declare sanctuary will be sending individuals back to torture and death. This claim was first made in 1982 by the Chicago Religious Task Force in its organizer's manual, which cited an Amnesty International study

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as evidence that as of August 1982, 30 percent of all refugees deported from the United States and Mexico to El Salvador had been "tortured, maimed, or murdered upon their return." A temporary problem arose when Rona Weitz, Amnesty International's Area Coordinator for Latin America, disclaimed the figures, saying "for the record, none of the facts or figures attributed to Amnesty International in the organizer's guide published by the Chicago Religious Task Force are accurate." It turned out that the source was Donovan Cook, the activist pastor of University Baptist Church in Seattle, who had used the figures in a sermon after someone mistakenly told him they came from Amnesty International. But if the figures had no basis in fact, they were nonetheless far too valuable to be abandoned. Indeed, as recently as March 1985, the Religious News Service was still reporting that "the proliferation of sanctuary churches across the country has resulted, in part, from the announcement by Amnesty International . . . that up to 30 percent of Salvadorans who are deported disappear after their return."

Actually, the fictitious 30 percent figure is modest compared to some of the predictions made by sanctuary activists concerning the fate of the 500-1,000 people the INS returns each month to El Salvador and Guatemala. Gary MacEoin, one of the founders of the sanctuary movement, describes deportees returning to what is "for some, a mercifully quick bullet to the brain; for others mutilation, rape, and the drawn out agony of torture." In their 1985 book Golden and McConnell say of those forced to return: "They know that their chances of survival, once they disembark at the airport outside San Salvador or Guatemala City, are slim. The road from Ilopango Airport to San Salvador is known as the 'road to death.' " The left-wing evangelical journal the *Other Side* is equally dire: "They return to near-certain persecution and death." And Jesse Jackson is even more emphatic. Welcoming a Salvadoran family into sanctuary in Operation Push, he described the "concentration camps" in which the deportees were "awaiting deportation and certain death." Similarly the Rev. Robert McAfee Brown has declared flatly that the U.S. is "shipping them home to firing squads."

The "return to death" theme dominates the fund-raising efforts of the sanctuary movement. A letter sent to 1.3 million people uses, as its banner head, the lines: "Shall the guest in our house be sent away to certain death?" And below a picture of a small child with a scarf tied over its face, the letter begins: "Why is this child wearing a mask? Quite simply, to prevent his being identified and murdered in cold blood if the U.S. government succeeds in forcing him and his family to go back to certain death . . ."

The movement's organizers are troubled by the tendency of some churches to see sanctuary as simply a humanitarian effort.

Are these charges in any way valid? After the "Amnesty International figures" were discredited, the American Civil Liberties Union conducted a study which it hoped would serve as a substitute. It compared the names of 8,500 deportees with a list of 22,000 victims of human rights violations. After nine months of work the ACLU found only 113 "possible" matches among the names, and only twenty-five where in its own estimation there was better than an average chance that the match was accurate, i.e., one-third of 1 percent of the total. In short, it was unable to make a single positive identification. Not surprisingly the ACLU abandoned the study, claiming in 1985 congressional testimony that it had been undertaken simply to "raise questions" and create enough "doubts" to justify a suspension of deportations until a definitive study could be done.

Stung by the charges, the State Department conducted its own investigation. It had the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador follow up on a random sample of 482 deportees. Of these, 145 could not be reached because they had given fictional or incomplete addresses, and thirty-nine (according to relatives) had returned to the United States. Of the close to 200 who were interviewed (or whose families were interviewed), none reported harassment upon their return. One deportee had been killed by the guerrillas, apparently in a case of mistaken identity.

Critics of the State Department study have made much of the fact that seventy-three returnees could not be interviewed because they lived in areas deemed dangerous as a result of guerrilla activity. But no one disputes that the Communist insurgency in El Salvador has made parts of the country dangerous: the claim of the sanctuary movement and the ACLU is that those who return are in *special* peril, singled out for torture and assassination. The Geneva-based Intergovernment Committee for Migration, which since the end of 1984 has met all deportees upon their arrival, has found no cases of human rights violations of deportees. In a follow-up it noted the chief complaint of deportees has been the difficulty of finding work.

The grotesque disproportion between allegation and fact has not prevented the sanctuary movement from continuing to work upon the emotions of churchgoers. But it has forced the ACLU and other movement spokesmen to shift ground. Arguing that Congress should grant extended voluntary departure to all Salvadorans and Guatemalans (i.e., suspend deportation until dangerous conditions cease to exist in their countries), the ACLU now asserts that even if a deported Salvadoran faces no dangers greater than a person who never left El Salvador, conditions there are such as to make it unconscionable to send people back.

In confronting churches ostensibly engaged in a humanitarian crusade, the U.S. government has been uncertain how to proceed. It has had no desire to follow the sanctuary leadership's script and, with TV cameras rolling, drag from a church, over the prostrate bodies of its parishioners, the members of a refugee family. But neither was it possible for the government to encourage, by permanent inaction, the growth of a movement that flouts the law. Typically, when the government finally took action, the movement cried that it had been "targeted"; in fact, for a long time it had been singled out for immunity from prosecution. As INS chief Alan Nelson pointed out, the government in 1984 arrested 18,000 "coyotes" (people who smuggle immigrants for profit) and 5,000 were sent to jail. After three years of operation, only twenty people in the sanctuary movement were indicted.

The worst scenario from the government's point of view involves long trials ending in light punishment, which only create martyrs and deter nobody. Yet this is precisely what is happening. Jack Elder and Stacey Merkt, both of whom had worked at Casa Romero in its activist period, were indicted and convicted but emerged basically triumphant. Elder spent 150 days in a halfway house. Sentenced to 179 days in jail, Merkt appealed and never served a day. Philip Willis-Conger of the Tucson Ecumenical Council's Task Force on Central America was arrested in 1984 after border police found him transporting four Salvadoran illegal immigrants. The charges were dropped after the judge ruled that border police lacked a "well-founded suspicion" when they searched his car. There is every indication that the government's major case in Tucson against eleven sanctuary workers (whose legal expenses are paid largely by the Presbyterian and Lutheran churches and the World Council of Churches) will have even worse results because of the extensive publicity focused on the government's use of paid informants.

Anti-Americanism and a romantic identification with Marxist guerrillas only partly explain the passion of sanctuary activists. To the movement's leaders, sanctuary is ultimately a way to create revolution in *this* country: to raise the consciousness of the average church member, radicalize him, and prepare him to form base Christian communities on the Latin model, which will then lead to the overthrow of the established order. Golden and McConnell write that Americans need to develop "a revolutionary faith that

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demands lifelong resistance to United States structural oppression, domestic and international." Richard Shaull, who has attempted to create such communities in the U.S., writes: "Our own conclusion was that for middle-class persons in the First World, dealing with their own oppression will be a long and painful process. . . . In Latin America this process was greatly accelerated when repressive regimes began to persecute groups in which such awareness was growing. It may well be that something similar will happen in the First World—and much sooner than we now expect."

Leaders of the movement make no secret of their hopes that a government crackdown could make members of sanctuary churches develop the desired "sense of oppression." Some see the process as already under way. According to University Baptist's Donovan Cook: "From the midst of the politicized, secularized, assimilated church in North America, a new church is being resurrected—an 'insurgent church.' " Golden and McConnell are similarly encouraged: "Liberation theology has walked over the border, incorporated into the exile refugee community. A popular church is emerging in the United States mirroring the grassroots church that began in the wake of Vatican II in Latin America."

"Conversion" is the key. The uniqueness of the sanctuary movement, write Golden and McConnell, is in providing a forum for the oppressed to call the Anglo church "to conversion. . . while linking itself to resistance traditions of the past." Conversion, they insist, is "unauthentic [sic] if it is content with halfhearted commitment or halfway reform. . . . It calls for a complete turning over of the self and the world—that is, revolution. The unity of all humankind depends upon turning the whole world upside down." In short, the sanctuary movement is intended to be profoundly subversive not only of our political and economic system but of our cultural values.

However remote the sanctuary movement's prospects for "turning the whole world upside down," even short-term victories by the movement may have profound consequences—particularly for a humane immigration policy, because the movement makes the category of political refugees meaningless.

The first way it does this is by refusing to accept a distinction between economic and political refugees. El Salvador has traditionally been second only to Mexico as a source of illegal immigrants to the United States, with 350,000 of the presently estimated 500,000 illegals having come before 1979, when the civil war began. This is not remarkable. As Michael Teitelbaum points out in *Latin Migration North*, Salvadorans earn in their own country only 5 percent of what they can expect to earn in the United States. An exit poll conducted at the time of the last Salvadoran elections by the Spanish International Network found 67 percent of Salvadorans answering "yes" to the question, "Would you emigrate to the United States to work?"

This is not to say that there are no political refugees from El Salvador; there are, which is why the State Department granted political asylum to several hundred Salvadorans last year. (El Salvador ranks fourth in the number of asylum claims granted.) Moreover there have been, and probably still are, grounds for complaint in the way Salvadoran claims are treated. Only a handful of people were granted political asylum in 1980 and 1981 when the death squad activity was at its height. In 1981, the U.N. High Commission on Refugees sent a mission to monitor the processing of asylum claims of Salvadorans in California, Arizona, and Texas. A commission staff memo complained that INS practices were designed to secure the return of Salvadorans irrespective of the merits of their claims. The situation has clearly improved since then, for the numbers granted asylum have risen dramatically as death squad activity has declined sharply.

Secure in his status as a former death squader, Hurtado said he had participated in killings, applied electric shocks, torn the skin off his victims, and even raped a woman on a public street.

The sanctuary movement's carefully screened refugees tell stories that, if true, should entitle most of them to status as political refugees under the existing system. But the sanctuary movement does not test the asylum process for those taken into sanctuary. It uses the asylum process only in unusual circumstances, such as when an individual in sanctuary, like Rene Hurtado, is taken into custody. Seattle has one of the most active sanctuary movements in the country, and more than a hundred attorneys have offered their services, pro bono, to the movement. Yet the INS director in Seattle told Holt Ruffin of the World Without War Council that in the last three years only two applications for political asylum by Salvadorans have been filed with his office. The movement does not want to make the system work better; in fact it does not care if it destroys the asylum system, if breaking it apart can serve to further its foreign policy goals.[1]

And this is the second way that the sanctuary movement undermines political asylum—by using refugees as a tool to change foreign policy. As Bruce Nichols of the Council on Religion and International Affairs points out, in so doing the sanctuary movement undermines a "tradition of political pragmatism religious groups have evolved in working with the government on refugee questions" since World War II. By precipitating a broad church-state conflict with their claim to a religious exemption from immigration law, says Nichols, sanctuary leaders "guarantee reprisals rather than resolution, and the refugees will be the losers." This realization has prompted the American Jewish Committee, the Center for Migration Studies, and the International Rescue Committee, although sympathetic to a more generous policy toward Salvadoran and Guatemalan immigrants, to label the confusion between refugee and foreign policy as among the most dangerous and discouraging trends in recent debate on the immigration issue.

The sanctuary movement promises an end to refugee flows from Central America if its policies are followed. Ironically, some of the largest refugee flows of recent times have followed the "peace" imposed by Communist regimes in places like Vietnam and Cambodia. To be sure, if such peace should come to El Salvador and Guatemala, one can be confident the sanctuary movement will show no more concern for subsequent migrants than they show for the large numbers now streaming from Nicaragua. □

[1]The movement's cynicism is also revealed by the way in which it draws the analogy to refugees from Nazi Germany, an analogy incidentally responsible for much of Jewish support for the movement. The record of the United States (as of most countries in the world) with respect to Jews in the Nazi period was a sorry one. U.S. callousness was probably nowhere dramatized more forcefully than in the refusal to accept the 907 passengers of the *St. Louis* in 1939, thereby dooming most of them to death.

But guilt over our failure in 1939 does not require us to equate deporting a Salvadoran today with sending a Jew to Auschwitz. Remarkably, sanctuary activists do not complain of U.S. indifference to suffering caused by the evil Nazi regime—rather they equate the activities of the U.S. government with those of the Nazi regime. Jim Corbett, for example, speaks of "the Pentagon's final solution to the Third World problem" and asserts: "Sad to confess, we Anglo-Americans seem to share some of the Third Reich's moral insensitivity to technocratically organized mass murder."

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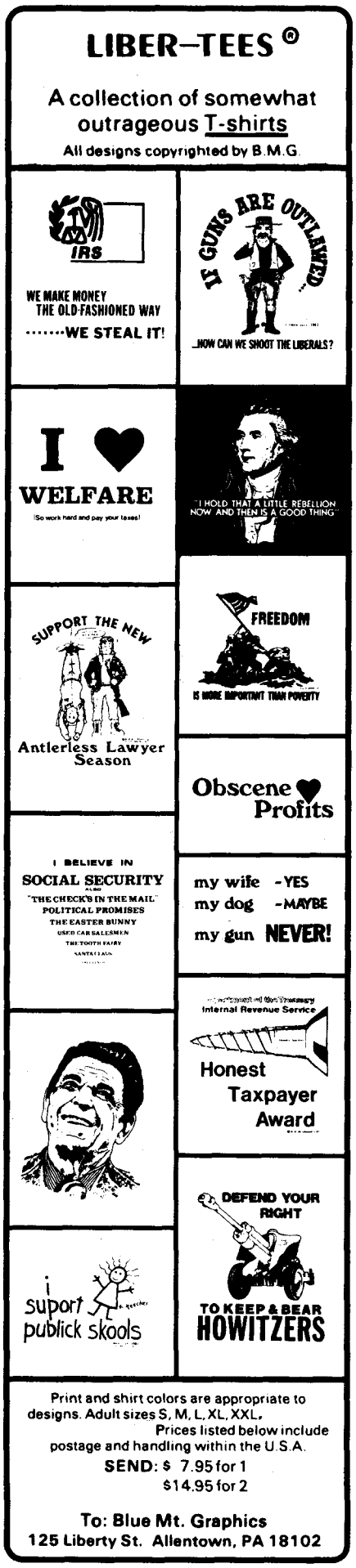

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SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

SENATOR SIMPSON FIGHTS BACK

Well, if I might just take one moment to dig the hatchet out of my old bald dome, I will respond to the testy little attacks lobbed in my direction by Tom Bethell ("Senator Simpson's Reward," *TAS*, February 1986, and "Strange New Respect: Cont'd," *TAS*, March 1986), who apparently performs the function of "Washington correspondent" for this publication. Seldom in my twenty years of political life have I witnessed such a rapid-fire assault of drivel. This "Strange New Respect" award may be even stranger than the author. What a dazzler!

Tom Bethell is a complete mystery to me. His grim visage and furtive shadow have never darkened my doorstep. He has never—at anytime—attempted to communicate with me personally in any way—not by letter, phone call, or personal meeting. Damned if I've ever seen the guy. His deep-seated personal aversion for me must then be based on what he has read and heard second, third, or even maybe fourth hand. Is that journalism? It doesn't seem so to me.

It's easy to be a critic—any fool can qualify. I often flunk the many litmus tests that are administered in this fascinating village by single-issue groups. I most surely flunked Bethell's test—tri-laterally if I might use the phrase—since I don't seem to measure up on immigration reform, the abortion issue, or the Medvid case. So I doubt very seriously if there is anything I could ever do or ever say that might change that. Although I would still enjoy a personal visit with "the Washington correspondent."

We're all entitled to our own opinions—but Bethell is not entitled to his own facts. The information he uses in both the February and March issues of *The American Spectator* is goofy. Maybe he is too. For the sake of fairness, let's try to get it straight. Unfortunately, Bethell's "reporting" has more loose ends than a $10 hairpiece.

In the February issue he seems to whimsically suggest that I somehow conduct my business in Washington with the hope that my constituents in Wyoming won't find out what I'm up to. Poor Bethell doesn't know Wyoming—or its people. Those Wyoming citizens are highly articulate, thoughtful, intelligent, well read, outspoken, and highly opinionated. Yes, I have always had a "peculiar" attitude about public life—I say exactly the same things in Wyoming that I say in Washington, and vice versa. The people in Wyoming know all about me—right back to when I was a ring-tailed kid at Cody High School and the University of Wyoming—and they sure know how I vote. But more importantly they know how to spot a phony too—and I would have been retired very swiftly in 1984 if I had ever tried to pull the wool over their eyes in my first six-year tour of duty. As for campaign promises—in 1978 and 1984 I made only two to the people in Wyoming: that I would work my fanny off—and would try to make them very proud. In the 1984 elections, 78 percent of Wyoming's voters must have figured I had kept that promise during that first trip. Their marvelous degree of support is where I find my personal satisfaction.

During my time in public life I have discovered how to accept a crumb when I can't get a loaf—and how to compromise an issue without compromising myself. I'm proud of that record. I sleep well at night. I am a legislator—sent to Washington to legislate. Legislating is about the dryest form of human experience—if done correctly. It means hearings, and amending and creating, and drafting, and compromise and debate. It's hard work. I enjoy it—no, I love it. I have held a total of three press conferences in my seven years in Washington. I didn't come out here to get my suits bleached by the camera lights. I came to work.

In any representative government, the final legislative result is always a compromise. I feel very fortunate to have been able to play a constructive part in drafting and debating some tough legislation over the years. I have dealt with immigration reform, commercial nuclear power, Three Mile Island, Agent Orange, veterans issues, high and low level nuclear waste disposal, various judiciary issues, and the federal budget deficit. It's an honor to be a part of the democratic process.

Then in the March issue, I was absolutely transfixed to read Paul Weyrich's account (via Bethell) of a conversation he claims to have heard six years ago. Bet Paul wouldn't believe it either. It's almost as if I was supposed to be boisterously and half-arrogantly sitting there babbling into the vapors and suddenly, when I "realized" that Paul Weyrich was in the room, I clutched my throat, froze up, and toppled over on my head.

As to the "Weyrich incident" I'm going to come out there and check your ash trays—to see what you are smoking. I have never—ever—boasted of "stopping the social agenda."

It is even more fascinating to suggest that a senator who was just here two years in 1980 could bully around such intelligent, thoughtful, and forceful persons as Howard Baker and Jim Baker. Howard and Jim both would chuckle at that one!

I have consistently and sincerely stated my concerns over the so-called "social issues." They always have the real potential to be emotional and very divisive—and the clearest and most real part of it all is that you can debate those issues for literally days on end, and you won't change a single vote. For instance, I have always supported school prayer. I differ with some conservatives on abortion. I've supported sensible anti-busing legislation—but once we have had the full and fair Senate debate, then let's move on with our work. The proponents of any measure, who have had the opportunity for a full debate—and lost—should respect the will of the Senate.

Apparently to substantiate the pungency of his article, Washington correspondent Bethell cites the omnipresent "unnamed Senate aide"—the unelected and most often unelectable person with no mandate from the people, but sometimes simply a hidden agenda all his or her own. I know some of those fine young people. Some are absolute zealots. To paraphrase Santayana, a zealot is someone who, having forgotten his purpose, redoubles his efforts. Lord spare me the opinions of zealots—and share with me always the opinions of those who are down there in the arena sweating, those who have to vote "yes" or "no" and not "maybe," those who came here to

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work, those other fine "staffers" and fine colleagues, and my constituents.

While obviously admitting to being somewhat surprised at the rambling criticism Bethell lays on me, I guess I really shouldn't be. He's been harshly critical of all of my immigration reform efforts in the past. Nothing has changed. His criticisms have done very little to stymie what I think is a rather important national effort. And the fevered attacks that I receive on the other issues haven't caused me to change one vote. I hunch that his singular lack of journalistic success may have spawned these more personal and acerbic comments.

Your gentle readers may be interested to know that in 1985, I voted with our fine President, Ronald Reagan, 90 percent of the time. Only our fine and most capable Majority Leader, Bob Dole, managed to support our President more frequently than I. I am proud of that. We have a sincere, skilled, and articulate President who inspires our highest national confidence. You might even like him, Tom—if you ever got to know him. But of course, neither he—nor anyone else under the ambit of your pen—will likely ever match up to your own unique yardstick of purity.

That's a baffling line of confusion that Bethell puts before the reader on immigration reform. Apparently as the result of my immigration reform efforts—and because I don't line up with the Bethell crew—I am "anti-people." He has taken an interesting and meandering walk around the edge of the bog on that one. I even think he slid in a time or two.

The immigration reform legislation recognizes that the borders of the United States are out of our control. That's the first duty of a sovereign nation—control of its borders. In 1985, the Immigration and Naturalization Service apprehended 1.2 million people crossing our borders illegally—from ninety-two different nations—and we estimate that we apprehended probably one out of every two that come. Forget the impact on jobs. How does it protect the social systems and internal security of the United States to have that happening with terrorism emerging and becoming ever more creative and ghoulish all over the globe? How does it help the United States to have a fearful subclass of human beings in our nation who are afraid to go to the cops, afraid to go to a hospital (unless it is for a birth of a U.S. citizen), and afraid to go to their employer who may bounce them out on their butts? Is that what the "land of the free and the home of the brave" is about? If we don't get a handle on this huge problem of *illegal* immigration, then we will find ourselves limiting and demeaning legal immigration in the United States. That would go against our grain and our very heritage. My efforts have absolutely nothing to do with any alarm over "foreigners" coming into the country. They called that virulent trait "xenophobia" when I was at the University of Wyoming. Plenty of Americans have been exposed to it by their frustration with illegal immigration.

And now we really must get down to the nub of things—my views on abortion. That is always where you flunk the test with a guy like Bethell. I think he jumped the tracks in an extraordinary fashion when he cites my alleged "hostility"—"snarling" yet!—toward the right-to-life movement. I have my own deeply held personal and religious views on abortion. I practiced law in a small town for twenty years and saw the pain that comes from that denial. I have a magnificent wife of

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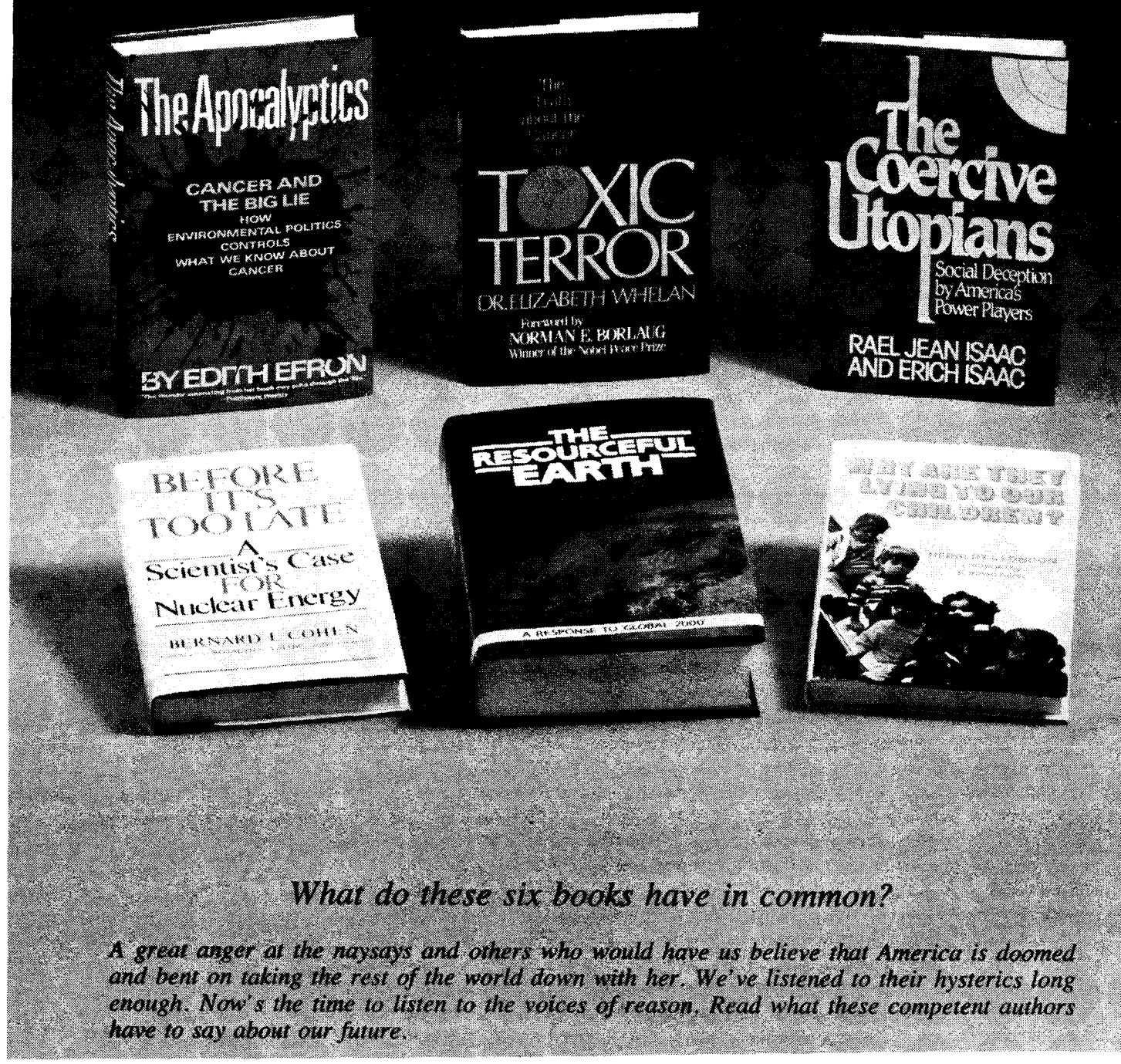
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thirty-two years, and three marvelous children. But the specifics of my position on abortion won't interest Tom Bethell. The test there is only one—whether or not I march in lockstep with him and others who may share his same view. I do, in fact, deeply acknowledge the intensity of emotion in that particular debate—even though their views are not the same as mine. I know they are loving and caring people. So am I. The positions I have taken on the various "social issues," including abortion, have been formed over many years—long before I was elected to the United States Senate.

Well, Bethell has quite a laundry list and Lord knows I'll probably be in the April edition too. Isn't it funny how some persons seem to seek perfection in judging legislative endeavors—and legislators—when they don't have perfection in their own lives? I am not perfect in my life or endeavors. Bethell is not perfect. We might get together for lunch and review our imperfections. I would like that.

Let me share just a couple of quotes that lend perspective to my activities. I don't really know the origin of the first one, but it does provoke some lucid thought in me always: "In politics surely—and maybe in the press—there are no right answers, only a continual flow of compromises between groups—resulting in a changing, cloudy, and ambiguous series of public decisions—where appetite and ambition compete openly with knowledge and wisdom."

But finally I think the very best one—and I direct this to "the Washington correspondent"—is one shared from the writings of well-known British statesman Edmund Burke: "Those who would carry the great public schemes must be proof against the most fatiguing delays, the most mortifying disappointments, the most shocking insults, and worst of all—the presumptuous judgment of the ignorant beyond their design." That says it all.

—Alan K. Simpson
United States Senator
Washington, D.C.

Tom Bethell replies:
As for Senator Simpson's reported comments to Senator Chafee ("If I've got one thing on my agenda, it's to stop social issues from coming to the floor"), Paul Weyrich can respond for himself if he is so inclined.

One issue the Senator raises is worth exploring. He says that I never contacted him or his office. True, but I just don't agree that journalists are obliged to abide by such rules of decorum. Magazines are not courtrooms, nor are journalists officers of the law (not that I alleged any wrongdoing on the Senator's part). No one has to read what we write or take any notice.

Had I spent an hour with Simpson, I wonder if I would have written anything at all. I disagreed with him, and still do, about immigration, abortion, and the Medvid case, but I wonder how inclined I would have been to voice my disagreement after a friendly chat—perhaps even lunch. The Senator has a reputation for geniality which I am sure is well deserved. Human nature (mine anyway) is such that the interaction of personalities is likely to prevail over misgivings about policy. The resulting article might have pleased the Senator and his immediate family, but it would have been bland and I'm not sure that many others would have found it worth reading.

As things stand, the reader may (I hope) have enjoyed both my original article and the Senator's distinctly non-bland reply. I like to think that more of the truth emerges this way than by trying to boil disputation down to consensus. □

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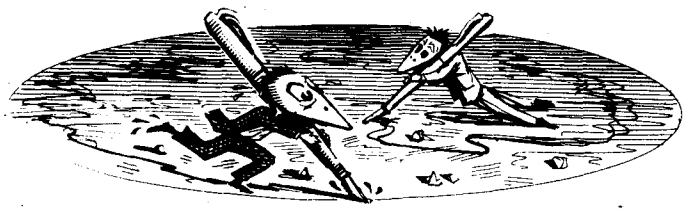


FAST TIMES AT DARTMOUTH HIGH

by Malcolm Gladwell

Sometimes even the *Dartmouth Review* outdoes itself. A week after ten of its staffers were involved in a bizarre 3 a.m. sledgehammer attack on a shantytown erected by Dartmouth anti-apartheid demonstrators, the controversial conservative student newspaper quoted Horace: "Mix a little foolishness with your serious plans: It's lovely to be silly at the right moment."

The truth is, however, that the group—which dubbed itself the Dartmouth Committee to Beautify the Green Before Winter Carnival—was silly at precisely the wrong moment. To begin with, the raid was carried out on the night of Martin Luther King Day. And although leaders of the group later claimed their timing was sheer coincidence, the symbolism was inescapable. For Dartmouth's vocal minority student groups, which had staged a candlelight march to the shantytown hours before, this was racism.

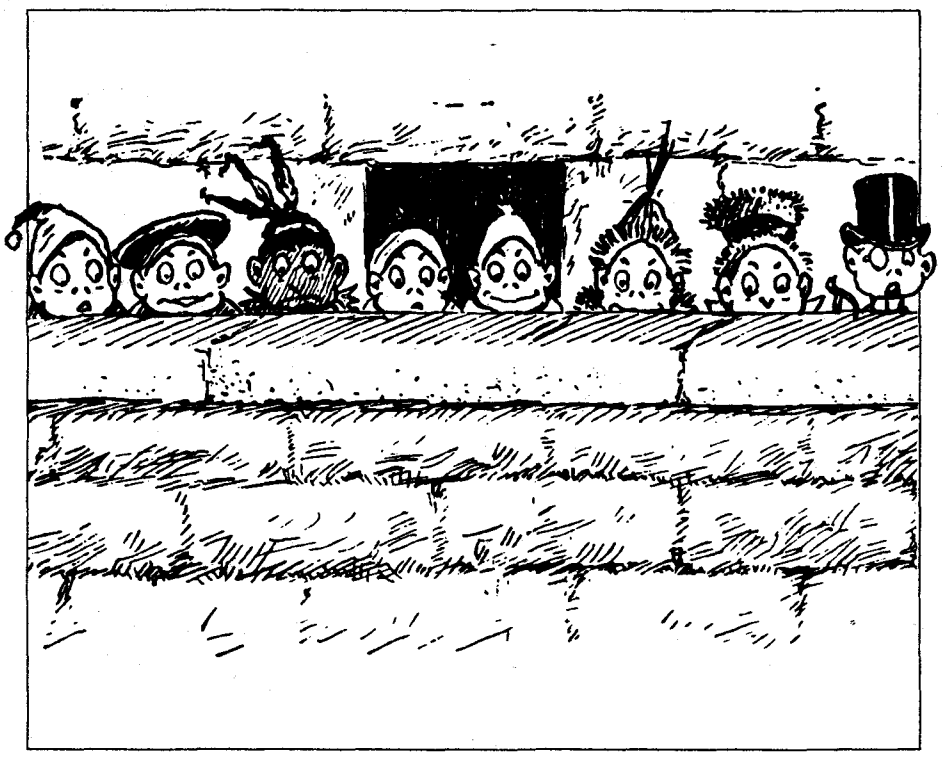
Left alone, the shanties would most likely have died of natural causes. In November, when they were erected by the Dartmouth Community for Divestment, they had been the center of attention. By mid-January they were not. "The spirit that surrounded the construction of the shanties has faded and support of the DCD has dwindled," editorialized the daily *Dartmouth*, the college's other paper, on the day before the attack. Even as the Anti-Shanties were rounding up sledgehammers for their night on the college green, in fact, DCD members were meeting to decide whether to dismantle the shanties themselves. "We weren't hanging out there much anyway," a DCD spokesman said. "It's winter time and we were worried about our health." By making a victim out of the DCD, the *Review* gave it new life. Says history professor Charles Wood, "The attack united the whole community regardless of where they stood on divestment before."

Thus the demolition team ended up doing more damage to itself than anything else. "I wouldn't do it again because I see how many people took it," says Les Grant, who calls himself the first black ever to write for the *Review*. At least one member of the Committee to Beautify the Green has resigned from the *Review* out of remorse, and all twelve members of the squad have been suspended from the college. Managing editor Debbie Stone says she "can't walk across campus without people screaming obscenities at me." The paper's advertising revenue has suffered. Peter Arnold, who resigned as executive editor of the *Review* last year, says simply: "The *Review* can no longer look to any significant sector of the college for support."

No one on the Committee to Beautify the Green ever thought things would get so out of control. The students rolled up the green in a flatbed truck, planning to dismantle the shacks leisurely and distribute the wood to area charities as heating fuel for the needy. "My major concern," says Stone, "was making it back for my 10 o'clock class."

But what was conceived as a morning-long operation lasted just five minutes, and what began as "trash removal" soon took on the dimensions of a war crime. "This was a vile, destructive act," Dartmouth professor Thomas Roos told the *Washington Post* the next day. "It was brown-shirt bullying on the order of Kristallnacht," the night in 1938 when the Nazis burned down Jewish shops and synagogues. At a teach-in later in the week, students struggled to come to terms with the broader moral implications of the five-minute morning assault. Sean O'Hearn, '87, asked his fellow classmates: "Are you, my friends, willing to deal with the racism in your hearts, the sexism, the classism, and oops, here's the tough one, homophobia, okay?"

At the root of the controversy, say both students and faculty, is a lack of leadership from the dean and the president which has created an anything-goes atmosphere at Dartmouth. The administration's failure to punish acts of vandalism in the past may have led the Reviewers to believe that they could vandalize the shanties and get away with it. At the same time it was a failure of leadership on the part of the college that made the shanties an issue in the first place.



The DCD erected the shanties over a November weekend to provide a symbol of the consequences of the college's investment policies for visiting trustees. Dean Edward Shanahan okayed the construction of a single structure so long as it was built on a corner of the college green. The students built two in the middle. The dean then demanded that the DCD dismantle the shacks by Sunday. They defied him again. At that point Shanahan instructed the campus police to remove the shantytown at 7 a.m. Monday, but half an hour before that deadline he reversed himself. A few days later President David McLaughlin returned from a business trip. He said he'd "prefer" if the shanties came down, but didn't set a particular time limit, muttering incoherently about "honest dialogue" and that the college, "if not encouraging" the protesters, should "at least be participating in the spirit of their activities."

Shanahan and McLaughlin didn't stop trying to remove the shanties. Later in November they announced that they would turn off the floodlights they had set up on the green to illuminate the shacks. Fifteen minutes after a group of protesters gathered outside his window singing "We Shall Overcome," Shanahan buckled again. Even when he actually was tough, he ended up looking incompetent. When members of the DCD occupied his offices at Parkhurst Hall for almost four hours in January, he brought them before the college disciplinary committee. But the problem was that Shanahan didn't understand the college's sit-in regulations, and in the resulting confusion the committee was forced to the ridiculous verdict that the protesters were guilty as charged but blameless by reason of their moral conviction. Shanahan decided to get serious. From the beginning he had been providing the shantytown with round-the-clock police protection. Now he cut that to hourly spot checks.

With college sympathies fully behind DCD, Shanahan was walking softly and carrying a small stick. "I'm not

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sure the administration is in a position to dictate to us what to do," anti-apartheid activist George Bourozikas told *Insight* magazine. "It's not their decision. It's ours." The day after the raid the DCD joined with the Afro-American Society, gay and lesbian groups, and other student organizations to form the "Dartmouth Alliance against Racism and Oppression" and staged another illegal sit-in at Parkhurst Hall. This one lasted thirty hours. Did the administration press charges against the protesters this time? Not a chance. "We demanded amnesty," one student leader said. "We had to take over because the job that had to be done was not being done. We shouldn't be punished, we should be paid."

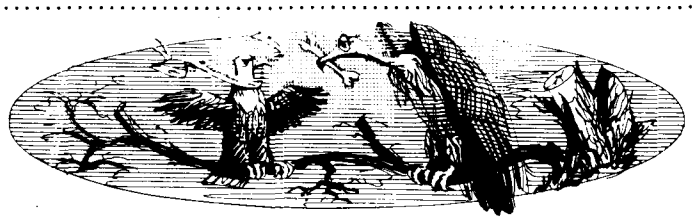
The administration proved so malleable that they, not the sledgehammer squad, became the focus of the controversy. The Alliance did not picket the offices of the *Dartmouth Review* and made only brief mention of the paper in its manifesto. "Our beef," says Joe Leake, chairman of the Dartmouth Afro-American Society, "is with the administration." The Alliance wanted to score points off Shanahan and McLaughlin for the rest of its agenda—an annual Martin Luther King Day teach-in, increasing recruitment of Hispanics, the handicapped, "and other traditionally oppressed groups other than blacks and Native Americans," and "adjudicable" Principles of Community—whatever that means.

Leo Rosten observed years ago that so far as he could see student radicals were really looking for adults—adults to confront, to oppose, and to emulate. At Dartmouth College, it seems, the problem is that there are no adults to be found.

Today the shanties are gone, removed when McLaughlin and Shanahan dispatched a fork-lift, pneumatic drills, and police to the green in a belated authoritarian spasm. But the fact remains that throughout the three-month controversy the administration was distinguished by its weakness, and this made neither right nor left happy. DCD activist Eric Ness was always certain that the shanties were illegal, even when the president and the dean were not so sure. "It was a protest," he says simply, and a protest needs rules to break. The discipline committee ruling that left his group guilty but blameless, Ness says, "set a dangerous precedent. It means that anyone can go in and occupy Parkhurst and get away with it." And where does that leave civil disobedience?

For her part, Debbie Stone says her group acted only because the administration was "paralyzed with fear." What is really needed in dealing with campus disobedience is a firm hand. "It's like Soviet expansionism," she says of the protest on the Dartmouth Green. "If you don't stop it immediately, it just keeps growing." □

THE NATION'S PULSE



THE PHIL AND VLAD SHOW

by Tory Stempf

Seattle—"The Phil Donahue Show" gave a new twist to international relations here on December 29. Two-hundred Seattleites led by Donahue engaged via satellite for over two hours in a "Citizens' Summit" with 200 Soviets from Leningrad ("ordinary citizens," we were assured by Marilyn O'Reilly, the Donahue consultant who hand-picked both audiences). The Russian end was handled by Soviet commentator Vladimir Posner, the dapper Americanist with the Brooklynese accent who frequently appears in this country on television news shows like "Nightline."

Why was Seattle chosen for this goodwill mission? Perhaps because the place displays a certain savvy for what's called a "person to person" approach to foreign affairs. Populism, progressivism, and internationalism run strong here. Two years ago, for instance, the electorate passed Initiative 28, which pledged the city to lobby against American military aid to Central America and amounted to an endorsement of the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua. Since then, Central American "scholars" in the employ of the revolutionary left have been invited into private and public schools to give history lessons to our children. "Friendship delegations" blessed by the city's ecumenical Church Council traipse back and forth regularly between here and our "sister city" Managua, and the city council recently proclaimed Seattle an official "sanctuary city" for Central American refugees. On the European front, the citizenry sends "peace choirs" and plans for a "peace park" to the Soviet Union. In sum we are, as a local reporter crowed with typical imprecision, "the only local jurisdiction in the U.S. with its own foreign policy."

Given these predilections, it was no surprise that some local human rights groups like the Jewish Federation of Greater Seattle, the World Without War Council, and the Polish Home Association picketed KING-TV's studio and passed out "fact sheets" to arriving summiteers. Excluded from the audience by O'Reilly in order to maintain "balance" and eliminate "propaganda," they were (to put it mildly) concerned that the audience wouldn't ask the "tough" questions. Statements from KING general manager and v.p. Sturges Dorrance, who wanted to "put human faces behind the superpowers" and "stick to human issues," didn't help. Everything pointed to a whitewash in the making.

So it was quite a shock when the Seattle delegation came out swinging, demanding explanations for Soviet policy on Jewish emigration, Afghanistan, SS-20s in Europe, Sakharov, human rights. With little prompting from Posner the Leningraders counterattacked with their own familiar hit list of capitalist sins, producing a staccato, in-your-face sort of exchange that was mostly boring, never edifying, and ultimately, for both audiences, terribly frustrating.

The problem, it seems, was politics. "It was directed too much toward political issues that we can't solve," complained a Boeing mechanic. "And that put everybody on the defensive." Another participant said, "I think the time would have been better spent getting to know what the Russian people are really like and having them get to know what we're really like, too." Applause in both camps. Everyone had wanted "more one-to-one human interaction."

Granted, few personal views were exchanged about abortion, careers, child-rearing, or marriage. But this is not to say that nothing was revealed. To begin with, the Soviet audience was struck by what Donahue called our "preoccupation with restrictions on the Soviet citizens"; and surely bewildered, maybe appalled, by American eagerness to excoriate our own country's behavior, usually in the guise of neutrality and evenhandedness. (Yes, one earnest young Seattleite conceded, both superpowers do perpetrate atrocities upon an innocent world, and he "opposes" both.) A Party *apparatchik* must also have been relieved to find that so many Americans despise politics for being a barrier to "mutual understanding."

The American complaint of "disappointment" is more problematic. If the Seattle summiteers failed to meet a "real" Russian, then surely reality was at fault; it's certain that they didn't meet whom they expected—not, that is, someone like themselves, "just another human being." Instead they met Otherness, in the form of *Homo sovieticus*. For example, there was the matter of that instinctive Russian patriotism that made our yen for self-flagellation look so . . . well, *modern*. Indeed, the only Soviet gesture in this direction was some mention or other of a polluted lake. The lack of Soviet "candor," Donahue was to reflect later, was his only disappointment in the summit venture.

Of course, other unsettling aspects of "Soviet man" emerged as well: dogmatic, a bit paranoid, imbued with a sense of the wartime past that armors him against outside criticism; badly misinformed (though he accused the

Tory Stempf is a writer living in Seattle.

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Americans of that continually). Thus Posner, when he sensed his own people flagging, could defend the insufferable Soviet emigration policy toward Jews (if there really is such a thing) by telling them (he certainly wasn't telling *us*) what he knows isn't true—that Washington's policy is the same for American citizens who want to emigrate to an "enemy" country.

That men are in a certain sense a creation of their political (as distinct from economic) systems was revealed anew when the Soviets simply could not understand our insistence on the importance of the right to dissent, to quarrel with our government and among ourselves. They were stumped by an idea like petitioning for change and scoffed at the pickets they were shown marching in front of KING-TV. We Russians, one said, have no "need" to dissent, because everyone is in agreement with Soviet policy. And anyway, a woman retorted, "your government listens but doesn't hear."

But the most poignant moment came when a Seattleite asked what the Russian counterpart to the American Dream was. From Leningrad there came only puzzlement, a profound, uncomfortable silence. Even the gabby Posner was for once quiet. Then one remembered how Isaiah Berlin describes the product of modern totalitarianism: "individuals who never know or have forgotten what *douceur de vivre*, free self-expression, the infinite variety of persons and of the relationships between them, and the right of free choice, difficult to endure but more intolerable to surrender, can ever have been like." A few Seattleites began to catch on. "They now seem more stereotyped than ever," a nurse said, "because they all said the same thing."

Would talking about fishing or bossy employers or alcoholism have helped erase this stereotype? Sure. The Americans then could have gone home satisfied that Russians are human beings too—"brothers under the skin." But they wouldn't have learned what they need to know most: the vast difference between the Soviet vision of the nature of man and his place in the cosmos, and ours. And only politics, Raymond Aron pointed out, can reveal this difference to us, because it "concerns not only our society but ourselves. [Politics] is something fundamental through which each person asserts what he is and what he wants to become."

Herein lies the reason why the Seattle audience overcame their own blowzy sentimentalities, not to mention the producers', and injected hardball politics *in spite of themselves* into this people's summit: They could do no less, given that the whole idea was to "put human faces behind the superpowers." And the fact is, the moral values politics embodies are what we're all about, what gives us our human faces. If this can be the lesson gleaned from "A Citizens' Summit," then let's hope Phil Donahue and Vlad Posner put on more of them. We'll soon have fewer Americans asking why the cold war is still around. □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

THE SHOWBOAT LOUNGE

by Richard Brookhiser

Once upon a time, when Cincinnatians wanted to frisk, they would slip across the Ohio River to Kentucky for low-rent sin. The sin in towns like Newport is gone now, but the rent is still low. Indeed, the local *New York Times* stringer reported recently that Cincinnati yuppies were fanning out thereabouts in search of cheap old houses. I recently fanned out for some music and a drink, and found the Showboat Lounge.

Bellevue, Kentucky (just up the hill from Newport) is not the sort of place I typically go; I dare say, it's not where you typically go either. The Showboat sits half a block from a railroad track. The front room is a restaurant, with Volunteer Police Department Chili Cook-Off trophies in the windows. (The local passion for chili is so all-consuming that a Cincinnati politician successfully defended himself against a charge of soliciting for prostitution by arguing that, when he had asked the undercover policewomen for a "three-way," he was simply proposing a friendly bowl of chili.) The bar is in the middle, the lounge is in the back. Inside, they've never heard of the Surgeon General. The cigarette haze glowed with the light of neon beer signs on the walls, including fly-over brands like Genessee, and, in honor of the season, a pair of four-foot tall holiday lawn ornaments—a red and white candle, a snowman—flanking the piano.

I had gone to the Showboat because my brother-in-law was playing a gig there with Lucille O'Neill and Her Crazy Rhythm. The rhythm—the drummers and the bass—was not so crazy, but my brother-in-law (cornet) and a moonlighting high school band leader (trombone and baritone) were quite good. Lucille O'Neill herself—massive, energetic, 69 years old—banged out standards on a quaking upright, and called out the titles in a gravelly voice.

I thought everyone in the place was Lucille's age, until my wife pointed out they were simply all overweight. Fat had aged them in my eyes; young weight is a characteristic of the lower middle class. (A few years ago, the critic Paul Fussell wrote a delicious, bitchy book describing American class traits, such as fat, with the precision of Audubon painting birds. He gave his game away, though, in the last chapter, when he posited a classless class, consisting of artists, writers, critics, academics—in short, Fussell himself and the slyly flattered reader. Not so fast, Paul; if there is a class system, we're all in it together.) Still, most of the patrons of the Showboat were pretty long in the tooth. They were also pretty fancily dressed for a neighborhood night spot: the gentlemen in jackets, many with ties, the ladies in sweaters and pantsuits of unnatural fibers, designed for the "fuller-figured" woman: going-out clothes. I soon saw—and heard—why.

For at every third or fourth number, one of the audience would get up and perform. The first time, I thought the singer—a bowed, white-haired man—was being given a special dispensation, perhaps to celebrate his birthday (most likely, his seventy-fifth). But he was followed over the course of the evening—and the evening went till 1:30 in the morning—by eight or ten other patrons.

The only rule of the house seemed to be, two songs to a customer. One woman was totally out of tune and pretty awful ("Bring your keys next time, honey," Lucille admonished her). One was excellent: a suave, sweet voice, and a powerful stage presence, projected from an improbable prison of flesh. Everyone else was perfectly pleasant, carrying his tunes competently, and clearly delivering his words. They did pop songs of the three-decade chunk from Benny Goodman to just before the Beatles. All of them, in their five minutes on stage, were treated like stars—introduced by the trombonist, given a little fanfare as they came up, and a cheer when they finished: house attractions, every bit as much as Bobby Short at the Carlyle.

Which is a good thing. Andy Warhol promised we would all be famous for fifteen seconds in the media age. A damnable offer, which has meant in practice that no one can be famous for more than fifteen seconds. Keith Mano has suggested that the only chance people have nowadays of breaking out of their media-battered passivity is *The Rocky Horror Picture Show.* But he had never been to Bellevue, Kentucky.

Every hour or so, the atmosphere got so thick, I had to take a coatless turn up and down the sleeping, wintry hill, just to stay awake. There is a small dance floor (brush up on your Lindy), and a larger and more interesting menu than you might expect. I don't know if the right of performance extends to visitors. Bring your keys, just in case. □

Richard Brookhiser, managing editor of National Review, *is the author of* The Outside Story *(Doubleday).*

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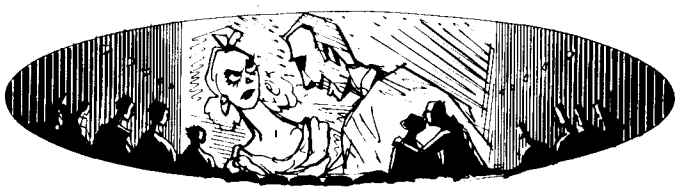

WASHINGTON GIGOLO

by Jacob Weisberg

Sidney Lumet's new film *Power* won't be remembered as an artistic achievement, but it may survive for unwittingly capturing the mood of the 1980s. The movie embodies our current fascination with the lives of corporate executives and the national longing for a peek inside the real Washington; it wants to arouse its audience with shots of sleek space-age offices, video equipment, and private jets. In its portrayal of a political consultant's sleazy world, the movie looks like a three-dimensional copy of *Fortune* or *Manhattan, inc.*, glorifying the greed it pretends to deplore.

Power, and a remarkably similar current film called *The Imagemaker*, are doubtless forerunners of a new political cinema. What's fascinating about these movies is that unlike Washington films of the past, they aren't concerned with cynicism and corruption, like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, or with intrigue and conspiracy, like *All the President's Men*. In the new versions, all political themes and plot lines are subordinated to someone's vision of corporate luxury. The trappings of power—suits and desks—themselves become the subject matter.

The film opens with a shot of media wizard Pete St. John, played by Richard Gere, flying on his private jet and banging drumsticks to the bombastic jazz he hears through his Walkman. St. John is a whore, a Washington gigolo. For $25,000 a month plus expenses plus 15 percent of your media budget, he'll get you elected senator, governor, you name it. Apparently David Himmelfarb, who wrote the screenplay, has loosely modeled St. John on political consultants like Pat Caddell and Roger Stone; St. John's own politics are malleable, and he hopes his candidates are too. He tells them what voters want to hear and how to say it into the camera. As he repeats again and again: once elected, "you can do whatever you want."

Like the film's lighting, Gere's presence is more fluorescent than incandescent. As he hops from stop to stop, advising no less than four candidates on the latest computer-assisted direct mail technology and demographic analysis (defining eighteen target groups for one candidate, including "pools and patios"), Gere emanates a sleepy cool, giving flesh to Lumet's somewhat exaggerated message that electronic warfare has entirely superseded down-and-dirty political streetfighting.

And it's partly because Gere is so well cast that this message is so unconvincing. Caught up in the conspiracy of an Ohio candidate and his Arab backers to extort, bludgeon, and buy their way into office (an OPEC conspiracy against solar energy? in 1986?), St. John becomes suddenly disenchanted with the game he's been playing. His doubts culminate in a maudlin confession to an idealistic young candidate he is supposed to be working against. Consultants are distorting the American political process, St. John declares. But oozing comes so naturally to Gere that his supposed conversion appears utterly implausible; it's like Mephistopheles becoming a moralist and hanging up his trident. Not that St. John actually forsakes his lucrative business—at the end of the film it seems he'll go back to his clients.

Power's plot is mostly loose ends. Early in the film St. John tells Ralph, his wheelchair-bound Orthodox Jew/computer whiz, to run a check on the corrupt Ohio candidate trying to hire him. Ralph links the candidate to the Arabs and sends St. John the information. But the candidate's malevolent henchman, overplayed by Denzel Washington, finds the letter first and mutilates it. When St. John opens the envelope on his jet, he's dismayed to find only shredded paper, so he tells his chubby assistant/concubine, played by Kate Capshaw, to get another copy. But it's never mentioned again, and St. John agrees to represent the candidate without finding out about the Arabs.

My guess is that the film was edited down from a much longer version without regard for narrative consistency. At one point, St. John is nearly killed by a faceless assassin driving a Mack truck. He confronts the Ohio candidate's henchman, complaining of harassment; his phone has been tapped, he says, and clients have dropped him. He neglects to mention that someone has tried to kill him. Nor does he bring it up with his ex-wife/muckraking journalist, played by Julie Christie, who helps him unravel the candidate's dirty deeds. Later in the film, candidate and henchmen discuss whether they should worry about St. John knowing too much.

This kind of gross disregard for the story line, not incidentally, is also a good indicator of pornography. Indeed, *Power* qualifies as what Michael Kinsley has dubbed "executive porn." Salary figures replace sex and violence as a means of titillation. Expensive objects are intended to provide all the excitement modern voyeurs crave. The audience is supposed to revel in the cut of the suits Gere wears so well, and the fact that his suspenders aren't the clip-on variety. The inappropriate, futuristic set for St. John's office and bar—a playground of silver bakelite—is drenched in corporate wealth. Low-angle photography reinforces the idea, making the furniture look more imposing, more the embodiment of megabucks.

The supporting actors try to make up for the half-baked plot and Gere's vacuum-like presence by overacting. Julie Christie flails wildly. Gene Hackman, as St. John's sodden former boss, makes an elemental acting mistake by overplaying the drunkard's wobble. On the other hand, Matt Salinger, as the wide-eyed Ohio challenger, does his best with a plastic role; his part is written so badly that it's hardly possible to distinguish his idealistic speeches from the cynical rhetoric of his opponent.

Gauged against the real world of political consultants, *Power* is an exaggeration. None that I've heard of has his own jet. And while they earn far more than their services are conceivably worth, not even Stu Spencer charges $25,000 a month. But the film underestimates the whorishness of the whole flock of consultants, lobbyists, and publicists, whether conservative or liberal, that are turning Washington into a greed circus. Case in point: conservative lobbyist Robert K. Gray recently signed up to represent the Marxist government of Angola.

Despite the movie's antagonism, political consultants will be delighted

Jacob Weisberg is a reporter/researcher at the New Republic.

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with *Power*, since it questions the ethics and not the efficacy of their tricks. St. John is alleged to have an 85 percent success ratio. His low-blow commercials never backfire. In truth, the link between the magic of political consultants and winning at the polls is unproven, to say the least. By accepting their own assertions of skill, the film inflates still further the reputation political consultants enjoy as wonder workers. And by suggesting that political consultants have complete control over the platforms of the candidates who hire them, it also exaggerates their importance. Instead of being suckered by their pretensions, Lumet should have examined the history of someone like Pat Caddell more closely. Caddell has represented McGovern, Hart, Mondale, and New Coke, among others. His career is a case study in victory through defeat.

Lumet should be taken to task for his credulity. If he really wanted to damage the profession he so disdains, he should have portrayed Pete St. John as more hustler than gigolo. Many political consultants are con men, most talented at convincing candidates that they can't win without paying their ransom. And Lumet gives the sleazeballs too human a face. What real-life political consultant would show weakness when intimidated, as St. John does? Which of them ever dropped a client whose "hardball" tactics were too tough?

We might also ask why this film is called *Power*. Power, in the Orwellian sense of the term, is not even a theme. No one in the movie has very much of it, or is obsessed with pursuing power as an end in itself. St. John neither talks about power nor seems interested in attaining more of it. As portrayed by the somnambulant Gere, he's not very interested in anything. If he has a single passion, it's money, and the things you can buy with it. Lumet more aptly might have called his film *Greed*—the ambition he confuses with power. But Erich von Stroheim already used that title, and not even a political consultant could convince moviegoers to overlook the irony of a Hollywood film criticizing that motive. □

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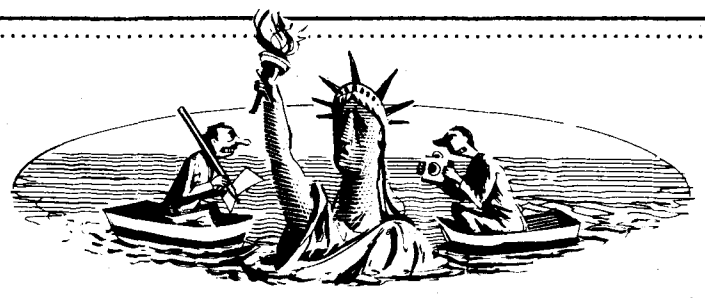

HOW DOES THE STATE IMAGINE?

by John Updike

Our title challenges the literary man's traditional duty to be concrete and real. Like almost everybody in the world I was born into a tribe, with its rites and obligations and mystic signs. I was early introduced to the flag called the stars and stripes, and to the eagle with his claws full of arrows, and the symbols for dollars and cents, and the map showing our westward expansion. The place where my personal hopes and dreams and the intentions and provisions of the state intersected most vitally was the postal system. Its workers, whom in my small town I knew all by name, brought to the house the printed journals—the newspapers and magazines—that represented to me a world where I wished to locate my future. In those days when a postage stamp cost three cents, I sent letters to great and distant men, cartoonists and writers, some of whom deigned, to my eternal gratitude, to respond. Each day's mail brought potential treasure. This is still true for me. I send manuscripts away, I sometimes get praise and money in return. It is the United States mails, with the myriad routes and mechanisms that the service implies, not to mention the basic honesty and efficiency and noninterference of its thousands of employees, that enable me to live as I do, and to do what I do. I never see a blue mailbox without a spark of warmth and wonder and gratitude that this intricate and extensive service is maintained for my benefit.

John Updike's most recent novel is The Witches of Eastwick. *This article was his contribution to a panel on "How Does the State Imagine?" as part of a week-long PEN Conference on "The Writer's Imagination and the Imagination of the State," held in New York last January.*

Now, what do these hollow blue monuments on streetcorners from here to Hawaii tell of how the state imagines? It desires, we must conclude, its citizens to be in touch with one another; the tribe seeks interconnection and consolidation. The state imagines solidarity, and resists secession and nonconformity, which is secession on the personal scale. Its instinct is conservative, I would say, more than, as is often charged, expansionist; only when the territorial enlargement is made to seem necessary to conserving what already exists is the effort of tribal aggression enthusiastically undertaken.

However, a state will almost never, without a fight, submit to its own diminishment; this is true of its government as well. Compared to a human individual, the state is a relatively rudimentary organism. The individual options of altruism and self-sacrifice and weary withdrawal and anorexia are too intricate and perverse for it. It can imagine only a continual health, the vigor of a gently inflationary status quo; this is because its imagination is composed of the wills of thousands of its administrators, almost none of whom wish to lose his job. A democracy wisely provides an electoral process whereby most of the top officials must periodically run the risk of replacement; but the numerous workers beneath them are no longer subjected to such a risk. It is an awesome sight, in Washington, D.C., around five o'clock, to see the armies of government workers swarm like locusts into the sunlight. Just as bone counters every injury with the production of more calcium, more bone, so government tends, under every stimulus, to extend its connections with its citizens and the services it proposes to render them. Automobile seatbelts become mandatory by law and by law warnings from the surgeon-general are printed on cigarette packages. All this, of course, for the cause of tribal well being.

The imagination of the modern artist, on the contrary, is committed not to conservation, which is carried on by the libraries and museums devoted to his art, but to exploration and danger, to expansion. It was not always so; the artist for millennia has been in league with the state, and has chiselled its propaganda and its gods on the appropriate temples and mausoleums. But an alternative patron to autocratic government, an affluent and varied popular audience, has arisen, and the notion of a perpetual avant garde with it—the notion of an art wherein change, like that in fashion or the climate, is amusing and desirable in itself. The state, like a child, wishes that each day be just like the last; art, like a youth, hopes that each day will bring something new. It seems to me the writer's imagination and the imagination of the state have opposite tendencies and should keep a respectful distance from one another. Myself, I ask mainly that my tribal officials keep the mails operating—no small task, and one where many tribes fail—and continue to safeguard the freedom of expression that my particular state's founders rashly promised its citizens. This is plenty, and this is enough. I do not know why, in 1967, the United States government felt obliged to create endowments to encourage and fund the arts and the humanities. Government money in the arts, I fear, can only deflect artists from their responsibility to find an authentic market for their products, an actual audience for their performance. This is above all true for writing, which can be cheaply produced and since the invention of printing has been a popular art, an art that seeks to draw its support from below and not from above. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

EVANGELICAL AWAKENINGS

PRODUCTIVE CHRISTIANS IN AN AGE OF GUILT MANIPULATORS: A BIBLICAL RESPONSE TO RONALD J. SIDER

David Chilton/Institute for Christian Economics (Tyler, Texas)
$9.95 paper

Herbert Schlossberg

We now have a political phenomenon that a few years ago would have been thought impossible. Pat Robertson, usually uncritically lumped together with that genre of personalities known as television evangelists, is beginning to have a serious following as a presidential candidate: a following much more serious than Jimmy Carter's at a similar stage of his journey to the quadrennial event.

No doubt much ink will be spilled in explaining how a man of this calling could attract that kind of attention for the presidency. But there are much more important and interesting questions to be addressed. A major reversal in the thinking of an important segment of our population has taken place, and we read almost nothing of it in the press. Why is it that conservative Protestantism, which has avoided political involvement for at least a couple of generations, is now getting so interested in politics that Norman Lear and his friends are going into fits of hysteria? Why are fundamentalists split down the middle, with Bob Jones III calling Jerry Falwell the most dangerous man in America? How are we going to explain why conservative Protestantism is on the way from ignoring politics to supporting a serious candidate for the highest office in the land?

In the 1950s, when I was a student at an evangelical college, nearly everyone in such places was an unconscious conservative of the Eisenhower stripe. Most of us had political instincts that were on automatic pilot, and the coordinates fed into the apparatus were such as to lead to the middle-of-the-road Americanism that later gave the era its reputation.

These institutions were conscious of the theological distinctions that separated them from the mainstream. But the ethos included more than theology. The colleges also embodied a subculture that made them distinctive in the spectra of both religious institutions and educational institutions. The president of our college told us students on more than one occasion that while we were orthodox in theology, we were nevertheless *irenic*. More than twenty years later, I heard him explain to a foreign visitor at a private dinner that the college, which he was still heading up, was "orthodox but irenic." I thought I was in a time warp.

How could such blandness come from a perspective that emphasized its biblical dimension and its consequent *distinctiveness*, and therefore its separation from the ways of the world? It's not very difficult to figure out once you know the rival traditions from which evangelicalism wished to show its differences. On the one hand, the "orthodox" part of the school's self-perception derived from its separation from the major denominations, in which the liberal wing had emerged victorious from the battles that racked those bodies earlier in the century. On the other hand, the "irenic" attitude derived from its separation from the fundamentalists—or, as they were often unkindly called, the *fundies*, or even the *fighting fundies*—who had been booted out of the ecclesiastical structures or had left voluntarily to found their own denominations, Bible schools, and liberal arts colleges.

These evangelical colleges, like almost everything else, did not emerge unchanged from the 1960s. The wonder is that their somnambulism lasted as long as it did. One would have thought that a Christian movement that so emphasized the biblical component of the faith would have recognized earlier the starkly radical nature of that component, the prophetic voice that would not—*could* not—tolerate the increasing strength of the paganism of the broader society. The question was, what form would the movement take once it woke up? When Rip emerges from the cave, will he be a true Van Winkle or will he be a throwback to an earlier black sheep the family has been trying to forget?

Before we try to answer that, let's think about another way these institutions have changed. In the Eisenhower years they still had not emerged as the academic powers they aspired to be. My own college had become a four-year institution as recently as 1948, and it was not accredited by the regional agency until I was a junior in 1958. Even then, the faculty was populated largely by holdovers from the old days. That was changing while I was there, and the trend accelerated after the surge in teaching jobs petered out, making it easy to obtain freshly minted Ph.D.s in the 1970s. Nowadays the faculty at my alma mater probably boasts a percentage of doctorates hardly less imposing than nearby Behemoth U. (known locally as *the* U.) from which a goodly portion of those doctorates (my own as well) came.

That's the setting. Here we have colleges whose faculties have received the typical American undergraduate education, which is to say most of them arrive at the graduate school without knowing much of anything. What is worse, they haven't been given the tools to discern the assumptions that power the ideas of the graduate faculty. They learn in their new environment the theories of the respective disciplines, but they've never been taught how to subject those theories to the Scriptural searchlight which the colleges where they will teach—often the colleges where they studied—advertise to parents as the guiding principle of study. At Behemoth and its rivals, the graduate faculty teaches its academic apprentices faithfully, and thereby imparts to them, not biology, history, sociology, psychology, public health, and so on, as much as naturalism, historicism, statism, pantheism, and a variety of other religious perspectives that are buried in the "studies" produced by the disciplines. I could give you some autobiographical material to demonstrate this, but it's too embarrassing. I refer you instead to the journals published by the evangelical scholars.

Now, if apprentices of any kind learn only technique from their masters, the training has failed. The ethos also has to be transmitted—all the explicit rules but also the nuances that are seldom expressed and may not even be consciously considered. This includes the moral and emotive aspects of the subculture in which the training takes place. Thus the chronic insecurity, the constant look over the shoulder to see if anyone is gaining, the desire to be thought worthy of respect, the shunning of any attribute that smacks of naiveté or credulity—in other words the latent snobbery and envy that are inherent in the academic enterprise—are absorbed along with all the theory and

Herbert Schlossberg is the author of Idols for Destruction *(Thomas Nelson).*

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technique of the disciplines. It isn't that academicians have sins more grievous than, say, architects or merchants, but rather that the long period of apprenticeship within a subculture produces an unconscious bonding that creates special problems for the unwary.

What happens when these scholars hit the evangelical campus with their new degrees and their new sophistication? Well, for one thing, the witless conservatism hanging over from the fifties seems deadening when they compare it with the dynamic political activism of Behemoth's tenured savants (which, truth to tell, is usually fully as witless). Second, there is that remnant of fundamentalism that must be shaken off—remember, we're *irenic*, not to mention learned. This association, of course, is abhorrent to all Right Thinkers, but especially to those who caught a serious dose of academic snobbery while in graduate school, and haven't yet lived through enough to shake it. How better to rid oneself of the taint than to throw darts at the fundies and at anything that is popularly associated with them? This was attractive enough before the rise of the Christian right; after 1980 it became essential. Getting off a good one at the Rev. Falwell is as sure a sign of the new orthodoxy as hauling off at Old Nick used to be of the old.

The new respectability that these institutions exemplify is as far from the authentic biblical tradition as is the old conventionality. Both the authentic tradition and the history of the short-lived stability of the fifties suggest that the present status may be only temporary. The irenic apostle John may have been "evangelical," but the Pauls and the Luthers make things happen. The bland turn into Erasmus.

Or perhaps into the *Schwaermer.* One interesting new ingredient thrust into the current evangelical mixture is the rebirth of the left wing of the reformation wearing the guise of the prophet. *Sojourners* and the *Other Side* are two magazines that have taken an avowedly conservative approach to biblical Christianity and wedded it to a strident appeal for the repudiation of both capitalism and the major themes of U.S. foreign policy since World War II. As far as I know, they haven't yet endorsed the Ayatollah Khomeini's view that their country is "the great Satan," but sometimes they don't seem far from it.

More moderate in presentation, but similar in content, is the work of Ronald J. Sider, a Yale-trained historian at Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. Sider wrote a blockbuster in 1977, published jointly by an evangelical and a Roman Catholic press, entitled *Rich Christians in an Age of Hunger: A Biblical Study.* It couldn't have been timed better. The naive masochism that passed for radicalism on the big campuses in the sixties had largely bypassed the evangelical colleges; now that it had been repudiated in the big leagues in the following decade the evangelicals were ready to take a second look at it. Here was a book that said that the U.S. was niggardly in providing foreign aid because it preferred to spend money for arms, and it exemplified repeatedly the implications of the title: we're rich and all over the world people are starving. Readers weren't intended to miss the causal implications, and they didn't. The answer to poverty was redistribution of income through government agencies and the United Nations. This was not only a personal political preference, either. Sider was saying that this is what the Bible teaches.

The great strength of Sider's book was that finally there was an alternative to the blandness of the fifties, an attempt to capture the prophetic brilliance of the biblical witness while avoiding the pagan insanity that had almost destroyed the universities in the sixties.

But there were three serious

WINTER **policy REVIEW** 1986

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policy REVIEW

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weaknesses to the Sider approach. The first was that the teachings on the poor were abstracted from the biblical texts as if they were the whole story. For Sider they seemed to sum up the entire biblical ethic. Thus, to fail or to be made to appear to fail in this area meant that the whole moral foundation for one's life and indeed the whole society was shipwrecked. Second, he was completely uncritical in assuming that the biblical ethic concerning the poverty-stricken is to be fulfilled by the mandates that had become commonplace in American politics in the preceding generation. The policies so hesitantly begun under the New Deal, carried to their logical conclusion, would bring us to the promised land. Third, in dealing with a subject that cries for economic analysis, along with the theological reflection, Sider hadn't bothered to learn anything about economics. Thus bad theology wedded to bad economics swept away all before it.

There had existed for some twenty years prior to the publication of *Rich Christians* a tiny movement that had the intellectual wherewithal to interpret in its proper context what many people have come to think of as "Siderism." Rousas John Rushdoony, trained in theology, had created the Chalcedon foundation in California. Still little known, although *Newsweek* a few years ago referred to it as the think tank of the Christian right, the Christian Reconstruction movement, as it calls itself, combines a classical Calvinism with the presuppositional philosophy advocated by retired Westminster Seminary professor Cornelius Van Til. The adherence to reformed Christianity meant that, unlike both the fundamentalists and the evangelicals, the Calvinists believed that the biblical mandate required them to affect the world's institutions instead of merely adopting a *personal* Christian ethic. Although for the most part its supporters do not hold academic positions, the movement includes a number of people of rather ferocious intellectual capacity, the sort that a woolly-minded effort like Sider's would not be able to withstand.

Yet it was not until four years after the publication of *Rich Christians* that a book-length response was forthcoming. This response was due largely to the efforts of Gary North, an early disciple of Rushdoony's who had paid his dues by earning a doctorate in economic history at one of the sisters of Behemoth U. North induced David Chilton to write *Productive Christians in an Age of Guilt Manipulators*, and the title conveys an accurate impression of the kind of bite the book contains. North tried to get one of Sider's original publishers, InterVarsity Press (the publishing arm of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, an evangelical campus organization), to co-publish the Chilton manuscript with him, but to no avail. Consequently when the book appeared in 1981 it was under the imprint of the Institute for Christian Economics, the nonprofit foundation that North directs.

Sider's book is a treatise on theology and economics, and Chilton takes after him on both accounts. The one-sided "liberation" emphasis of Sider's theology is easy meat for him, and since Sider knows no economics that task is even easier. Thus Chilton deals with the Exodus in its *covenantal* context, as good reformed theology would always do, and is thereby able to avoid the misapplications to which both Sider and liberation theology are drawn. He treats similarly Sider's misapprehensions of such principles as economic equality and the Jubilee.

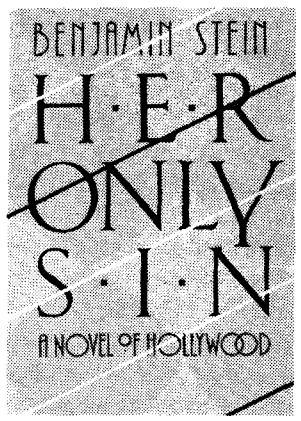
Chilton published a slightly revised edition in 1982. Then in 1984 Sider produced a second edition of *his* book, purporting to respond to his critics. But Chilton, in a third edition, identifies ten critics to whom he failed to respond, including Chilton (and also including this reviewer). In fact, Chilton is unable to find a single critic to whom Sider *did* reply. Now if Sider is above responding to ordinary writers he considers unworthy of his attention, that is one thing. But he also failed to respond to the arguments of P.T. Bauer, a world-class scholar at the London School of Economics who has revolutionized the study of development economics. His work makes a hash out of Sider's analysis of Third World poverty, and Sider is content to make only the absurd allegation that Bauer is unhistorical. This irresponsibility alone ought to be enough to discredit *Rich Christians*.

Sider's second edition was apparently too much for the prolific Chilton to bear, and his third edition of *Productive Christians* appeared in 1985. He is a prodigious scholar, and he patiently compared the two editions of Sider's work, keying his analysis to both. The result is not only a devastating critique of the book he is dealing with, but a penetrating analysis of the movement of which it is a part.

This book shares with numerous others written by Rushdoony, North, and other Reconstructionists the disadvantage of being produced away from the mainstream of the publishing industry and thus outside of the normal distribution channels. Although these volumes have been narrowly influential, they have cut very deeply where they have reached. Many leaders of the Christian right have been reading Rushdoony for years, and if their pre-millennialism seems inhospitable soil for the reformed emphasis on Christian faith transforming society, as a number of critics have pointed out, that inconsistency hasn't stopped Rushdoony's perspective from beginning to make a difference. Younger scholars like Chilton are now coming to the fore, and if they can break into the publishing mainstream they are likely to have increasing influence.

One thing that will have to change for that to happen is the style with which these sharpies skewer their opponents. That kind of invective is just not *done* in polite publishing circles. There is evidence that Chilton now understands this, inasmuch as his recently published book on eschatology, *Paradise Restored* (Reconstruction Press, alas), is written much more acceptably.

How about that earlier question that we left unanswered? Now that evangelicalism in its academic expression has awakened from its fifties-like torpor, does it still look like the family from which it sprang? It may be too early to send the jury out of the box for a decision. Recently the chairman of the English department at Calvin College, one of the more academically rigorous of the evangelical institutions, published an article in the *Reformed Journal* which asks for a reconsideration of the dogmatic leftism that has become so dominant on those campuses. A few years ago, the British evangelical sociologist Os Guinness expressed concern that the evident trends might lead to a refueling of the old social gospel cycle of a century ago. But the fact that these opinions are being expressed and listened to is itself a sign, and not the only one, that the battle for the souls of these institutions is still continuing. Chilton's book, especially if the harbingers of a more broadly acceptable style do not deceive us, is a token that the opposition is not prepared to give up easily. □



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Edited by Robert McAfee Brown/Yale University Press/$19.95

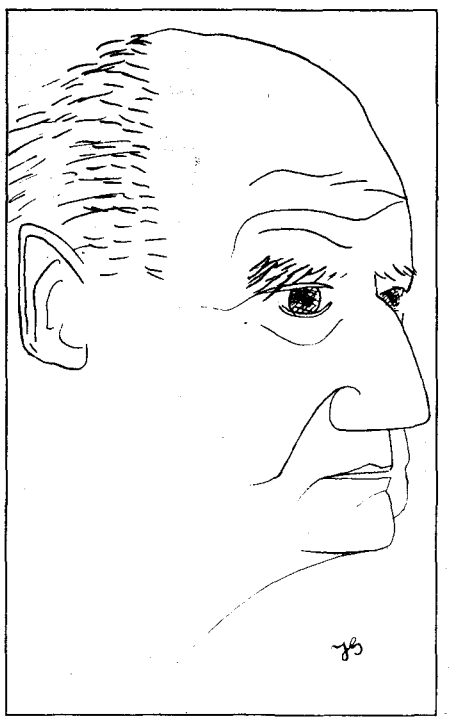
Ernest W. Lefever

"Anyone can become angry," wrote Aristotle. "That is easy, but to be angry with the right person, to the right degree, at the right time, for the right purpose, and in the right way—that is not easy." Reinhold Niebuhr (1892-1971)—preacher, theologian, teacher, prophet, pamphleteer, activist, political philosopher, and self-styled biblical realist—was quick to anger and did not always direct his anger at the right person or in the right way. He was not a precisely calibrated man but a dynamic and turbulent bundle of ambiguity.

His celebrated contradictions have led sympathetic observers to contrast him with the systematic and more disciplined H. Richard Niebuhr—the brother who "thought before he wrote." Reinhold's inconsistency and ambiguity enable an ideologically mixed bag of persons—from Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Robert McAfee Brown, and Harvey Cox to Michael Novak, Richard John Neuhaus, and the late Will Herberg—to claim that they are true Niebuhrians. Among some of his followers, notably Harvey Cox, there is the tendency to downplay Niebuhr's fundamental and enduring contribution to Western moral and political thought. And selective interpreters, whether of the extreme left or right, trivialize Niebuhr's biblically rooted insight into the tragic yet hopeful nature of man and history, and his commitment to human dignity, justice, freedom, and the survival of the West. By focusing on his many angry outbursts against contemporary actors in the unfolding political drama, they often overlook his fundamental anger against Nazi and Soviet totalitarian regimes. He did occasionally vacillate on the specific means for championing justice and freedom; but on the central issue of freedom *vs.* tyranny Niebuhr was never ambiguous.

His larger consistency, rooted in his belief in "original sin" and "original righteousness," was elaborated in his most important work, *The Nature and Destiny of Man.* Even in his early pacifist-socialist years, Niebuhr railed against both secular and religious utopians who thought they could build the kingdom of God on earth. This central theme became stronger as the brutalities of Hitler's and Stalin's secular utopias impinged upon him. On several occasions, he said that it took Hitler and Stalin to force him to accept the logic of his earlier premises.

Ernest W. Lefever, president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C., is editor of The World Crisis and American Responsibility, *a collection of nine essays by Reinhold Niebuhr.*



As early as 1932 the essential thrust of Niebuhr's thought could be properly called neoconservative, if one earns that designation by throwing off pacifist, socialist, and other illusions in the face of harsh realities and more modest approaches to grappling with injustice and tyranny. In 1928, he declared himself a "realist" and disavowed his former utopian confidence in man, automatic progress, and social engineering. From the early 1930s until the mid-1960s, he supported the fundamental direction of U.S. policies for defeating Hitler and containing the Soviet Union. Though he spoke out on many issues, Niebuhr was preoccupied with international politics and U.S. responsibility for confronting the new barbarians.

Two new books attempt to revive interest in Niebuhr to a generation that has not known him. They are most welcome. Richard Fox's *Reinhold Niebuhr: A Biography* provides a thorough portrait of the man and his thought, but its thoroughness is also its flaw: Fox tends to obscure the essential Niebuhr under an avalanche of intriguing detail, concluding that Niebuhr "was not a man for all seasons," and that it "is futile to wonder what he would have said today about Central American revolutions, about 'free enterprise,' and about the women's movement."

Robert McAfee Brown's *The Essential Reinhold Niebuhr: Selected Essays and Addresses* is a fine collection of largely theological essays. In the introduction Brown says, "we must be careful not to assume that a particular analysis, eminently valid for the time" is "necessarily valid for another time," though as he properly notes, "the amount of Niebuhr's thought that transfers from one age to the next is impressive."

Yet he goes on to violate his warning by invoking Niebuhr in support of his own liberal view that tends to equate the brutality of the Soviet regime with the imperfections of American society. He rightly reflects Niebuhr's views that all political communities are under God's judgment and that the United States is not perfect, but wrongly asserts that the "patent evils of Stalinism" are "latently (and sometimes not so latently) present" in America. Niebuhr, he notes, deplored "the Vietnam tragedy" as "an example of American imperialism" (Brown's words). But he fails to mention Niebuhr's undiminished confidence in American democracy and his consistent support for a strong military to undergird our Free World responsibilities. At the same time, Brown accuses unnamed "contemporary right wing anticommunists" of overlooking the blemishes in American political and economic life. (Niebuhr anticipated Brown's attitude: in 1963 he said America's remarkable sense of "global responsibility . . . must excite the imagination of both friend and foe.")

To avoid the pitfall of using Niebuhr selectively, one must distinguish the essential Niebuhr from the socialist-pacifist Niebuhr of the 1920s and also from the failing and confused Niebuhr of the mid- and late-1960s—the last five years of his life. This confusion prompted Professor Paul Ramsey of Princeton, perhaps the most authentic incarnation of the essential Niebuhr, to say in sorrow: "Reinhold Niebuhr signs petitions and editorials as if Reinhold Niebuhr never existed." Other students of Niebuhr, myself included, remain perplexed by his comments on the Vietnam war. Many of Niebuhr's statements during his last five years were profoundly at variance with his repeated insistence that America must use military means to stop the expansion of messianic Marxism, whether Soviet or Chinese.

The essential Niebuhr emerged and flowered in a highly productive period of thirty-five years, roughly from 1930 to 1965. In these vintage decades he developed this century's most compelling critique of "rational idealists," "liberals," "utopians," and "sentimentalists," as he variously labeled his adversaries. He called for a "historical realism" that recognized both "man's limitations and possibilities." In *Children of Light and Children of Darkness,* he said: "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible; but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." Other major works of this period were *Moral Man and Immoral Society,* the two-volume *Nature and Destiny of Man, Faith and History,* and *The Irony of American History.* In these books, and in *Christianity and Crisis* and other journals, Niebuhr developed the basic tenets and sinews of contemporary neoconservatism, especially in foreign policy.

In 1928 Niebuhr recalled that when the First World War started, "I was a young man trying to be an optimist without falling into sentimentality. When it ended . . . I became a realist trying to save myself from cynicism." He did not join the disarmament movement and defended the right of states to use violence in the interests of justice. He condemned the naive confidence in the Kellogg-Briand Treaty "outlawing war," and criticized idealists for glorifying the League of Nations. Early on he warned against the menace of Hitler. When Mussolini invaded Ethiopia, Niebuhr urged the revision of U.S. neutrality laws so we could invoke sanctions against Italy. In 1937 he condemned Japanese aggression against China and shortly thereafter urged a U.S. embargo against Japan. "Tyranny," Neibuhr wrote, "is worse than war" because it is "a 'cold war' which destroys life, liberty and culture" and "must inevitably lead to war."

This shrewd analysis did not immediately prompt him to support U.S. military intervention in World War II, but by early 1940 he said that America needed a "navy big enough to defeat all the fascist powers." A few months later he admitted he had been wrong in his earlier criticism of President Roosevelt's "preparedness program," noting that FDR had "anticipated this peril . . . more clearly than anyone else." In July 1941, he called for the

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"immediate use of the American navy and air force."

At the same time, Niebuhr maintained a running criticism of the mainline Protestant churches for their perfectionism and neutralism: "If modern churches were to symbolize their real faith they would take the crucifix from their altars and substitute the three little monkeys who counsel men to 'speak no evil, hear no evil, and see no evil.' " Anticipating the current debate over moral symmetry, Niebuhr charged the Christian perfectionists with blurring the moral distinction between tyranny and democracy, and with espousing "perfection without pity, goodness without discrimination and responsibility, and loveless love." He condemned the churches for giving advice that, if followed, would ensure "an easy Nazi victory" and for escaping the war issue by spinning "utopian plans" for the postwar world.

Lingering socialist postulates clouded Niebuhr's view of the Soviet Union through the 1930s. Though he had been critical of certain Soviet practices since the early 1920s, as late as 1936 in *Radical Religion* he called the Soviet Union "the most thrilling social venture in modern history." By 1938, however, he was comparing Stalin's "dictatorship" to Hitler's, and in 1940 he predicted the possibility of postwar Russian expansion into Europe. He was especially critical of the "subservience" of Communist parties to "Russian diplomacy, in all its tortuous turnings," adding that the "trouble with all the comrades and semi-comrades" was that they had "made Communism their Christ and Russia the Kingdom of God." (Before Pearl Harbor, Niebuhr was a member of both Norman Thomas's Socialist party and William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. A Socialist ideologue informed Niebuhr of his inconsistency and said that "this war is a clash of rival imperialisms." Niebuhr agreed: "So is a clash between myself and a gangster." He promptly quit the Socialist party.)

In a 1953 essay often overlooked by liberal revisionists, "Why Is Communism So Evil?" Niebuhr castigated Marxist arrogance, Soviet brutality, and the "timid spirits" who will not acknowledge "this universal evil of Communism." "Communist dogmatism creates an ideological inflexibility" that reinforces "the monolithic political structure" of the Soviet Union, he said. A decade later he declared that Soviet Communism was far more dangerous than any authoritarian regime—it was "a pretentious scheme of world salvation, a secularized religious apocalypse."

Niebuhr was impatient with the idealistic planners of the postwar world. In 1943 he said that any viable postwar settlement would require the continuing commitment of U.S. power and that an Anglo-American alliance "must be the cornerstone of any durable world order." The United Nations, like the failed League before it, was at best a frail reed and at worst an illusion. In 1945 he said that if the divisions between the Soviet Union and the Western allies continued to widen, the United Nations might become "irrelevant." He repeatedly attacked "the illusion of world government" and in 1949 wrote an article by that name in *Foreign Affairs* which remains a testament to his profound understanding of world politics. A war against Russia, he said, was possible; the Western allies should be prepared for it. Convinced that Soviet expansionist policies were the major threat to freedom and world peace, he became an unabashed Cold Warrior, agreeing with Churchill that U.S. superiority in nuclear arms was the "chief deterrent of a Russian venture to conquer Europe."

This remarkably consistent affirmation of political realism and responsibility persisted until the mid-1960s, marred only slightly by the not fully examined assumptions of his Marxist past. He acknowledged this flaw in a 1952 essay, "The Triumph of Experience Over Dogma," in which he said that he clung to shreds of Marxist dogma long after he supposed himself free of such illusions. He embodied Churchill's provocative assertion that "facts are better than dreams."

This record adds up to a profile of a thoughtful neoconservative, a liberal mugged by reality. One must allow for foibles, contradictions, and ambiguities in any seminal thinker, especially one as turbulent and torn as this preacher turned political philosopher in the crucible of a world menaced by the totalitarians. Niebuhr drew his wisdom from the Judeo-Christian moral tradition—from the Hebrew prophets, Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, and Martin Luther—and, less consciously, from American statesmen like James Madison and Abraham Lincoln. Will Herberg, a former leading intellectual in the American Communist party who was converted by Niebuhr into a Judeo-Christian realist, asserted that one could establish a kinship between Niebuhr's conservatism and that of Edmund Burke.

Vintage Niebuhr, then, is indeed a man for all seasons. He directed his anger against the evils of Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union, and against the idealists, utopians, and rationalists who could not comprehend tragedy and evil in the world, and the cynics who didn't care about the fate of freedom. □

JESSE JACKSON AND THE POLITICS OF RACE

Thomas Landess and Richard Quinn/Jameson Books/$17.95

Philip Terzian

Jesse Jackson, who takes himself nearly as seriously as the authors of this otherwise admirable book, likes to believe he is the inheritor of the mantle of Martin Luther King: America's preeminent, perhaps America's only, black leader, whatever that may mean—a moral authority in the gown of a visionary reformer. In fact, I am inclined to think that if he has picked up any fallen standard it is George Jessel's, the late toastmaster general of the United States, and a ubiquitous presence if not a moral authority. There was a time when civic banquets and organizational get-togethers were incomplete without his bogus uniform, sonorous voice, and familiar one-liners. Jesse Jackson is his modern equivalent: He seems to be everywhere, but especially on television, reciting his motivational doggerel, rhyming "hope" with "dope," turning up in such unlikely places as Damascus or Geneva or Havana, where he cannot always tell the good guys from the bad, lending his celebrity presence where it may or may not be welcome.

Just last February he surfaced in South Carolina eulogizing Ronald McNair, the black astronaut who died in the shuttle explosion, and conferred upon the poor deceased a signal compliment: a connection with himself. He and McNair, he said (and so *Time* and the *New York Times* reported), had been classmates at North Carolina A & T University, when in fact they had been nothing of the sort. Jackson is ten years older than McNair, and they probably never met. For that matter, McNair's academic credentials were genuine, whereas Jackson's are problematic at best. His theological education—the foundation of the "Rev." that punctiliously precedes his name—was fitful, incomplete, and unrewarded by any sort of diploma. His ordination was honorary. He was in South Carolina for the same reason George Jessel used to show up at the Friar's Club: No one knew quite why or how, but he had to be there, and it was too much trouble to keep him away.

Philip Terzian, a TAS *contributor since 1975, is writing a book on the American Century.*

In short, as Thomas Landess and Richard Quinn make painfully clear, Jesse Jackson is a liar and a fraud, even a usurper, a demagogue minus a message, a hypnotic performer whose spell is lifted without the snap of a finger. This is not to say that Jackson is insignificant, or that time and energy are wasted on figuring what he is about. On the contrary; like most confidence men, it is his victims who measure his progress. His success tells us more about ourselves than about his guile, which is self-evident, even flagrant. He says one thing, means another, and both are untrue. But no one bothers to read the label.

His appearance is especially eloquent: A decade ago he was resplendent in afro and dashiki, chained and bemedaled, loud and insistent. Nowadays he has traded the garment of the agitator for the wardrobe of a pimp. He speaks in measured tones, occasionally raising his voice for emphasis or biblical citation. He is at his best when least eligible, most brazen: Mikhail Gorbachev nodded gravely at the plight of Soviet hymies. When Jackson spoke to the Democratic National Convention in 1984, he came as a forgiving conqueror, having lost every contest he entered, and by some distance. Of course, the delegates listened, and some even wept, but they are

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Democrats, and self-mortification is a religious ritual in that particular sect. The rest of us may have wondered: If Jesse Jackson did not exist, would it be necessary to invent him? No law bears his imprint, no doctrine boasts his name. No institution endures because he laid the foundation. No cause but Jesse Jackson has his unqualified allegiance. The Democrats may have held him in unaccustomed esteem, but their electors avoided him in droves. Why read about him? Alas, the answer is found on every doorstep: the press.

From the moment Martin Luther King lay murdered, Jackson's career has been a whirlwind of airport connections, jerry-built alliances, proclamations, and press conferences—leadership by news release. If he is not *the* black leader, he is *a* black leader; and leadership, he seems to think, is something seized rather than earned. The authors are especially skillful in their examination of the Jackson mythology, his irresistible rise and unquestioned mastery—one might say intimidation—of the media.

The details are fascinating: He grew up in comparative comfort, not the Third World squalor he characteristically invokes. He was neither King's chosen deputy nor anointed successor; indeed, he was close to dismissal from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference when James Earl Ray intervened on his behalf. Self-promoting, double-crossing, scene-stealing, he seems to have learned the value of publicity from his putative mentor, but little else. And that is the heart of the matter.

It is often forgotten that Martin Luther King was nearly redundant at the time of his death, misconstrued by reactionaries but scorned by radicals. Success came quickly, perhaps unexpectedly, in social as well as legislative form. In the eighteen years since King died, the movement he personified has missed its crowned head. The problem, of course, is that now there is no movement; King's progress was not a cult of personality but a crusade of ideas. In this instance, the media—and, to be fair, academia, Congress, the social statisticians, and others who should know better—have never fully grasped what is otherwise so obvious: When ideas take root, they form the common mind. Civil rights is conventional wisdom, not an exclusive preserve, or the strategy of a private army.

It is convenient to divide ideas into personalities (liberalism: FDR, Hubert Humphrey; conservatism: Robert Taft, Ronald Reagan), but it is also misleading. The success of the civil rights movement has no more eloquent testimony than the elusiveness of "black leadership." It has transcended politics. The difference is between a tribune and a spokesman, between fighting for right and lobbying for advantage. Blacks don't need Jesse Jackson—no more, at least, than the Democrats—and the futility of concern about personal leadership is summed up in the incoherence of his journey since 1968. He has careened from one gimmick to another, the author of a series of false starts and broken pledges. What was once People United to Save Humanity is now People United to Serve Humanity. Save, serve—what's the difference? A rainbow coalition that is painfully monochrome—who would notice?

It is scarcely an accident that his language is so wild and imprecise, that exaggeration is his form of emphasis. Words mean for Jesse Jackson what he wants them to mean, no more and no less. Let's talk black talk, he said to a black reporter on one memorable occasion, and lapsed into the vocabulary of anti-Semitism. When he spoke some contrite syllables to an audience of Jews, he switched glossaries, and the expedient worked. He may not have satisfied his listeners in the room, but he spoke to a wider audience. The language of electronic celebrity is noise, and the currency of blab is emotion not meaning.

Which leads us to the real question, why? The authors are concerned that Jesse Jackson represents a disturbing phenomenon. They are distressed by his insincerity, startled by his company. They detect a pattern of deception and suspect unworthy motives. All of this is true, but little of it is important. Take away the marketing techniques, and what is left? Jackson is a kind of minor irritant, a boil in the social hind quarters. I would even argue that he is a symptom of national health. He must journey to Cuba to be treated as a head of state; only the Syrians would find him worthy to be manipulated. The press was mystified by his devotion to Louis Farrakhan, but only the press would entertain such expectations. The Democrats were alternately bullied and seduced, but Jesse Jackson is just another Balkan prince dividing their unhappy kingdom. The Democrats who make any difference—that is to say, those who vote—resolutely declined to take him seriously. For that, at least, we can be thankful. Contempt for democracy is often an article of faith among the sages and brokers of politics, but Jackson is important where it doesn't count.

The moral, then, is in the subtitle: the politics of race. It is true that the differences that divide Americans provide a kind of grist for social upheaval and evolution. But time passes, and the mills tend to turn out bread rather than more grist. Black nationalism is no more likely to endure than white nationalism, and while Jesse Jackson is alive and Martin Luther King is dead, it is Jackson who is the anachronism. The fact that he fascinates, or an appetite persists for his image and message, is the perverse side of human nature. Spectacle can be interesting, and curiosity is easily piqued. The demolished automobile will slow down traffic, but novelty wears off easily. Where will Jesse Jackson be tomorrow? What rhetoric can maintain interest? What provocation will capture the six o'clock news?

Not long before his death, I made a pilgrimage to a strip joint in Washington to watch George Jessel perform. The uniform was unchanged, the voice was the same, and so were the jokes. It was an extraordinary, but not altogether unfitting, home port into which he had sailed. I like to think that Jesse Jackson will continue to entertain, rather than disturb. Where he will go and how he will subsist, I cannot say. But I think I know. □

STATE OF THE ART
Pauline Kael/E.P. Dutton/$22.50

Bruce Bawer

For most of us, it's difficult at times to look at film critically. After all, we grew up on movies in a way we didn't grow up on serious art or music or literature: the genre is full of sentimental associations for us. There are old movies by the score that we remember fondly not because they are great examples of cinematic art but because we first saw them with people we loved, because we once had pubescent crushes on the stars, because our mothers loved them; there are recent films that move us to uncritical raptures with their beautiful scenery, beautiful faces, or all-Mozart scores. Indeed, if a bad book is only a bad book, a bad movie—if you're sitting in a theater that has a huge screen, an excellent sound system, and a first-rate, unscratched, color-perfect, 70-millimeter print—can nonetheless be a terrifically powerful visceral experience. It's all this that makes the job of movie reviewing—the job, that is, of getting beneath the subjective associations and the visceral experience and judging the film as a work of art—particularly challenging.

But not for Pauline Kael, who's been reviewing movies in the *New Yorker* since 1968. Kael's critical method is implicitly founded upon the hypothesis that the sort of distinction I've just made is a spurious one. To her mind, manifestly, her role as a film critic is not to attempt to transcend subjectivity but to exult in it, to exalt it; not to analyze films but (to draw a fine but fundamental distinction) to give us a play-by-play account of her sensual engagement with them. It's less true, in other words, to say that Kael writes about movies than to say that she writes about *going* to the movies. And, as the whole world indubitably knows, Pauline Kael *loves* going to the movies. She lives them, she breathes them, she worships them, she is at once their high priestess, devoted spouse, and insatiably aroused mistress: such, at least, is her public image. Was there ever in all of history, one wonders, a critic as famous for his *love* of the genre under his scrutiny as is Pauline Kael? Is there any, for that matter, who has celebrated his hyper-impressionistic tendency to approach that genre as a well-nigh erotic object as blatantly as has Kael, with such titles as *I Lost It at the Movies, Reeling, Taking It All In, Kiss Kiss Bang Bang, Deeper into Movies,* and *When the Lights Go Down*?

This is not to deny, of course, that Kael is an unusually engaging writer—a *fun* writer—and, in many ways, a highly gifted critic. She's perceptive, she's sensitive, she knows a great deal about film technique, she's intelligent (though, it must be said, she invariably applies her critical intelligence more generously to the articulation than to the formulation of her critical opinions). In her tenth book, *State of the Art*, in which she has gathered her reviews of 117 movies released in 1983, 1984, and 1985, both her considerable strengths and her lamentable weaknesses are in full flower.

So, too, are her characteristic prejudices. To name one: being a critic who

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Bruce Bawer writes on writers and fiction for the New Criterion.

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(as she has acknowledged in many an interview) performs the critical act spontaneously, without premeditation, she tends to admire excessively the work of directors and actors who work the same way—or seem to. Her famous, embarrassing veneration of Robert Altman's now terribly dated film *Nashville* ("the funniest epic vision of America ever to reach the screen") is a case in point: she worshipped the movie *not* principally because of its political message (though that was part of it), but mainly because the whole thing had such a spur-of-the-moment feel to it, because the script wasn't taken too seriously, because "the actors [were] encouraged to work up material for their roles." She admires movies like *Melvin and Howard* and Altman's *Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean* for the same reason: they have an off-the-cuff, unrehearsed, "natural" feel. Likewise, she considers Nick Nolte "an ideal screen actor" because of his "rough edges" (he "seems unfinished"), admires the rock star Prince because he's a wild, impulsive "passionflower imp," and adores Matt Dillon, to whom she devoted a heartfelt panegyric in her last book, *Taking It All In:*

> Actors who have labored to learn the rudiments of their profession must want to kill the potential teen idol Matt Dillon, the open-faced young star of *Tex*. He's a "natural," who takes the camera with the baffling ease of a puppy. He doesn't apply any particular sexual heat in this movie, and he isn't crafty, like James Dean—there are no Method mannerisms, no affectations of any kind. From the way it looks, he just uses the sweet starry radiance that nature gave him, and smiles his relaxed, all-American-sweetheart smile. Even his gift for baby-macho comedy seems part of the package. What Dillon does in *Tex* may not be the result of studying technique, but it works better on camera than most trained acting does. Viewers can feel they're in direct contact with this luminous kid.

By the same token, Kael tends to denigrate movies, actors, and directors that give the impression of being polished and professional, of striving for excellence or seamlessness or a touch of class. "The smooth meticulousness of *Places in the Heart*—what some might call its craftsmanship—drives me a little crazy," she complains in *State of the Art*. If Altman and Brian De Palma (two of America's most self-indulgent directors) earn her praise for their movies' crude, quasi-naturalistic vitality, their more consistently competent (and, in my view, far more gifted) colleagues Robert Benton and George Roy Hill earn little from her except contempt for their "inauthenticity"; similarly, if she cherishes the Matt Dillons and Princes, she is particularly unenamored of Julie Andrews, whom she considers "infuriatingly sane" and (one gets the impression) too prodigiously talented for comfort.

Morality rubs Kael the same way. She takes *Cross Creek* to task for its attempt at "radiant respectability," *The Right Stuff* for its "Victorian values," *The Natural* for its "sludge of moral uplift," and *Country* for its supposed resemblance to "old *Saturday Evening Post* covers" (a charge she leveled against *On Golden Pond*, too). *Terms of Endearment* provokes a diatribe against "retro-forties virtue":

> I think I hated *Terms of Endearment* the most when the grief-stricken Aurora embraces her longtime servant, Rosie (Betty R. King), who shares her misery. Greer Garson in her Mrs. Miniver drag was only a shade more noble. When Aurora and Rosie hug each other—sisters under the skin—the audience is alerted that Aurora is really a good person, and from then on she becomes useful and considerate. As the Second World War movies taught us, the function of adversity is to build character.

Likewise, she revolts against the "old-movie make-believe" of *The Natural*, declaring that it "seems to be caught in a time warp. . . . The movie asks: Will Roy be spiritually strong enough to triumph?" It is against such obscene moral messages that Kael is on the warpath. I, for one, would readily

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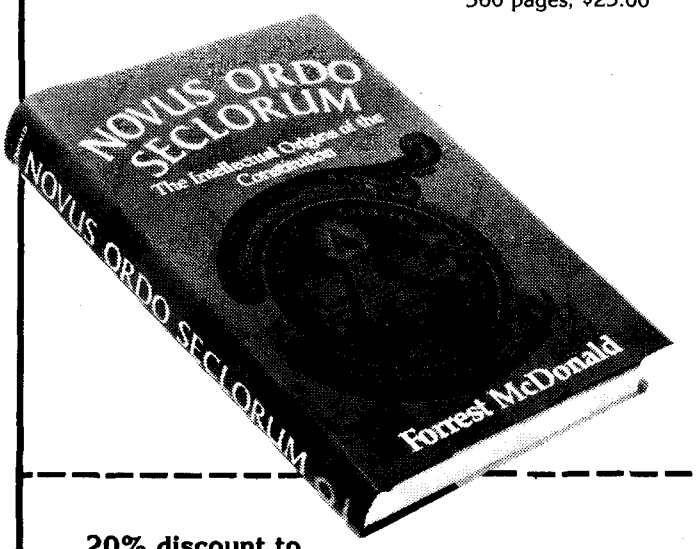

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agree with her statement that there is an atmosphere of "calculated humanity" in *Terms of Endearment* (just as I would join, though for somewhat different reasons, in her disesteem for many of these films), but her knee-jerk rejection of such movies frequently seems to have more to do with her antipathy towards their creators' fundamental assumptions about morality and human character than with the movies themselves.

Patriotism—of the American variety, anyway—disturbs Kael as well. She's so keenly on the lookout for pro-American messages that she finds them even where they do not exist. Toward the end of her review of *Terms of Endearment*, for instance, she declares sardonically that "Garrett is like those wastrel British aristocrats in the pukka-sahib pictures: when the crisis comes, his fundamental decency rises to the surface; he straightens up and does the right thing. He and Aurora are good Americans." It is not, I think, altogether coincidental that the film Kael reviews most favorably in *State of the Art* is Roger Spottiswoode's pro-Sandinista *Under Fire*. Here, for once, the use of old-movie-type clichés seems perfectly okay by her; she writes that Spottiswoode's revolutionaries, "with their poetic peasant faces, are presented in a grand, naive, idealized movie tradition"—and not only doesn't it bother her a bit, she seems to be rather touched by the romanticism of it all.

Fortunately, at times Kael is right on the money, and wittily so. She describes Sylvester Stallone, for instance, as "the stupidos' Orson Welles." She's got Arthur Hiller's number: he's "made more than twenty pictures, but he must keep his eyes closed on the set. There's no consistency of judgment or taste in a Hiller picture, and often they run downhill." She justly nails Sidney Lumet for the emotional manipulativeness and dishonesty of *Daniel*, Bob Fosse for the facile and arrogant nihilism of *Star 80*, and Paul Brickman for *Risky Business*'s offensive view of prostitution as "a hot girl's practical and honest approach to business." Sometimes she uncannily echoes one's own reaction to a movie, down to the last detail: her verdict of *All of Me*, for instance, is identical to my own. She notices important things that other movie critics don't, like good lighting, bad framing, predominant color tones, and shots that have been held a beat too long. About *Daniel*, for instance, she complains: "The picture often looks plain ugly, as if there were barnacles on the lens; even when the action is outdoors, it has the gummy drabness of institutional life." (*Gummy* is one of her trademark adjectives; the others include *logy* and *cheesy*.) She notices interesting if trivial touches, like the fact that Kevin Kline's shoe-store chain in *The Big Chill* is called "Running Dogs" and that "Elliott," the name of the boy hero of *E.T.: The Extraterrestrial*, begins with an "E" and ends with a "T."

Needless to say, however, you can take this sort of detail work too far. And so it is with Kael. Granted, her lengthy considerations of such fine movies as *The Purple Rose of Cairo* and *A Passage to India* (both of which, thankfully—and, in the latter case, quite surprisingly—she smiles upon in *State of the Art*) are far from unwelcome; but her protracted disquisitions upon the thematic and cinematographic subtleties of such undistinguished fare as *Micki and Maude*, *Moscow on the Hudson*, and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (all of which receive glowing reviews in *State of the Art*) are grotesquely overdone. She means, patently, to give the impression that she is providing us with The Last Word on these movies—and, indeed, on the state of the art generally—but, alas, one's overriding impression is of a critical faculty that is ludicrously self-indulgent and bereft of a sense of proportion. □

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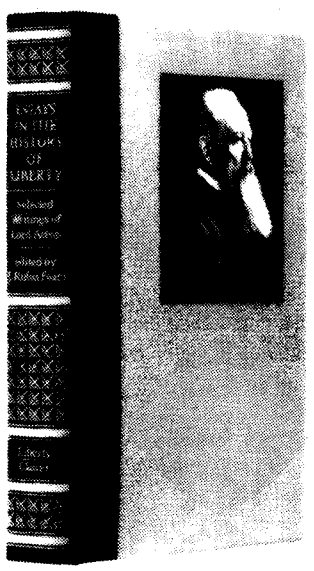

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THE REAL LIFE OF ALEJANDRO MAYTA

Mario Vargas Llosa/Farrar Straus Giroux/$16.95

Reid Buckley

The beguiling Peruvian author, Mario Vargas, conspires in this work with a host of his contemporaries in dealing fiction death blows.

Oh, I don't think this is THE END. Fiction will survive so long as storytelling survives. But more and more of our leading novelists seem to bear a grudge against the form. They seem to be attempting to transcend the novel's connection to objective reality, in which attempt there is a kind of heroic, or hubristic, self-disdain at work scratching at the very mirrors of the imagination, until nothing remains, neither image nor its reflection.

This is the story of a minor Peruvian revolutionary of the 1950s. Well, no. This is the story of the narrator's search for the truth of the life of Alejandro Mayta, the protagonist. Wrong again. This is the unfolding of the creative process of a novelist as perceived through the investigation by his *alter ego* (the narrator) of the many faces of historical reality and what's the use of it anyhow. Still wrong! This is the novel writing itself, sort of.

Start again. The narrator, a novelist, whose a.k.a. is (I think) Pacho, but who is in reality (but then, *What is truth?*) Mario Vargas Llosa, was a childhood schoolmate of Alejandro Mayta, whose life story he is seeking to pin down. Pin down? Well. . . . He interviews Mayta's aunt, Mayta's Trotskyite associates, Mayta's friends, and Mayta's enemies—anyone and everyone who once knew the man. These interviews exhaustively dredge the few central dramatic salients of Mayta's life: his meeting and association with 2nd Lt. Vallejos, who suggests to Mayta the possibility of rising up against the government in the tippity-top Andean town of Jauja, his (alleged) homosexual relations with Anatolio, a young militant in the seven-member Revolutionary Workers' Party (T)—for Trotskyite—which has split from the plain (Stalinist) RWP; his alleged betrayal of his Party; his alleged dismissal from the Party; his alleged resignation from the Party; and, finally the uprising itself, which lasts ten hours before failing ignominiously.

The interviews are not only in general dull; they are exasperating, because nothing in this process of discovery can truly be said to be verified. They are moreover irritating because the voices of Mayta and other characters keep breaking through the narrative, as though (possibly in fact) the subconscious of the narrator is in the act of composing the fiction that he seeks to spin off the problematical history of his unimportant subject. That is, he, the narrator, at any given moment on the page may be speaking with an acquaintance of Mayta about some incident in the past, when, in the succeeding sentence, or even in mid sentence, he becomes Mayta speaking in the present to that acquaintance, or that acquaintance answering Mayta in the present instead of answering the narrator about what happened in the past.

Does your understanding boggle just a bit? Let me illustrate. At one point the narrator is speaking to Blacquer, a Stalinist, an old foe of Mayta, who delivers his version of the split between Mayta and his RWP (T). A passage goes:

> "At the beginning, I didn't get it either, but now I think I do," says Blacquer [in reply to a question from the narrator]. "He [Mayta] was a revolutionary, one hundred percent, don't forget that. The RWP (T) had just thrown him out. Perhaps he thought that would make us reconsider our refusal [to participate in Mayta's insurrection]. Maybe now we would take his plan seriously."
>
> "As a matter of fact, we would have expelled him a long time ago," affirms Comrade Joaquin. He turned to look at Mayta in such a way that I thought: Why does he hate me? "I'm going to tell you what I think . . . I'm not surprised at what you have done, not about the plot, not about having secretly talked with that Stalinist policeman Blacquer . . ."

You note the abrupt shift from a conversation in the present about the past between the narrator and the Stalinist to the voice, in the past (become without notice present), of a Trotskyite comrade of Mayta, turned enemy (Joaquin), whose voice the narrator (slipping into the past) suddenly assumes, himself becoming Mayta: "*He* turned to look at Mayta in such a way that *I* thought: Why does he hate me?"

Again:

> I'd recovered my self-control, and they actually did let me speak. But even as he spoke, he knew inside that it wasn't going to be much use. They'd already decided, that's right, behind my back, to wash their hands of the insurrection, and no amount of talk was going to change their minds. As he spoke, he never revealed his pessimism. I forcefully repeated all the reasons I'd already given them . . .

There is a factitious excitement to this, as one is apparently being permitted into the intimate process of creation itself; but this is, we know, false, because we are repeatedly reminded by the author-narrator that the novel is being *written*, coldly and methodically, not spontaneously poured out. The obsessiveness of the technique quickly nags nerve-ends; the ambiguities and ambivalences, instead of intriguing the reader, drive him out of patience because they are willful, capricious. (The hallmark of this contemporary literature is that they are quite arbitrary.) He asks and asks himself, What is the reason for all this? What is the excuse?

I submit that a formal nuttiness has infected the novel. In structural dislocations, in extravagances, arbitrary contradictions of character or circumstance, and an addiction to what has become a very conventional literature of the absurd, the fundamentals of the novel are subverted. Where is the anchor of reality—in written works that have been influenced by the fat flies on the walls of Grillet and other of the French *nouvelle vague*-ists? Against what is the imagination striving? Nothing. All dissolves in

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smoke. Toward the end of *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta* the narrator has the effrontery to speak of his "invented classmate," so that even that justification for the narrator's compulsive investigations into the career of his historically petty and not greatly interesting central character is given the lie. He tells the real(?) Mayta, whom he finally interviews in person:

> Naturally your real name never appears even once. . . . I've changed dates, places, characters, I've created complications, added and taken away thousands of things. . . . Of course . . . everyone will think it's pure fantasy. I've pretended as well that we were schoolmates, that we were the same age, and lifelong friends."

Finally, just before the inconclusive end:

> "The character in my novel is queer," I tell [Mayta] after a bit. He raises his head as if he's been stung by a wasp. Disgust twists his face . . . "But why?" he finally asks. . . . "To accentuate his marginality, his being a man full of contradictions. Also to show the prejudices that exist with regard to his subject among those who supposedly want to liberate society from its defects. Well, I don't really know exactly why he is."

John Fowles plays similar tedious hob with reality and its mirrors in *A Maggot*. This cutting of the ground beneath fiction's feet has become a contemporary fetish. I read in the *Wall Street Journal* Raymond Sokolov complain about Gordon Lish's *Peru* (Lish is a literary guru), "[He] plays a very fancy game indeed. . . . You can't trust the narrator, who may or may not represent the real Mr. Lish. . . . The technique is obsessive. The narrator keeps returning to the same moments and events, squeezing his memory for detail." At the end, Mr. Sokolov declares the technique "spellbindingly successful," which in that novel's case it may be. I demur, however. On principle, because I am devoted to the popular art form that the novel will cease to be if this arrogance continues.

Years ago I brashly panned *Morning Noon and Night* by the late (great) James Gould Cozzens for its self-destructive attitude toward reality, which, it seemed to me, had devastating potential for the novel form. (Mr. Cozzens's narrator doubted the significance of anything that had ever happened to him equally as he doubted the material veracity of his, or anybody's, memory of everything.) I deplored Walker Percy's *The Second Coming* for cognate sufficient reasons. The central character's acedia in that novel, it seemed to me, dangerously surrenders the novelist's role as an interpreter of reality through the syncretizing and (with luck) epiphanous fires of the creative imagination. The novel is too serious a thing to be cavalier about; its conventions are too critical to be cavalierly flouted. I enjoyed John Fowles's *The French Lieutenant's Woman* until his double ending. That, it seemed to me, was a development from earlier reversals of circumstance and character in his *The Magus* with less virtue than vice: He could not decide which ending to settle on, so he pushed that chore off on the reader, which is sweet and kind, but which is also abandoning the writer's job. In *Magus*, Mr. Fowles played engrossingly with layers of reality, so that what at first seemed to be turned out not to have been, or not to have been as it at first seemed. Lawrence Durrell succeeded with this technique wonderfully in his "Quartet," the four romances set in Alexandria. But in *Tunc* and *Nunc*, Mr. Durrell's method had become a capricious, meretricious, and ill-concealed device for pumping in a kind of gallimaufric suspense and specious profundity. Anthony Burgess has succumbed terribly to this vice in his recent novels, the worst I've read being *The End of the World News*. Günter Grass of *Dog's Years* is a shade of the author of *The Tin Drum*. It's as if everybody has one book, and one only, of the marvelous insouciance of Gabriel Marquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* in him, which was a triumph that Sr. Marquez has not been able to build on.

Why? Because when existence and us poor pitiable human beings who are trapped in it are treated as a *reductio ad absurdum*, with a kind of gallows humor in which the bitterness and resentment drive out compassion, then the reader is alienated. Justly. Novelists are not the gods they seem to be taking themselves for. The creative imagination is a paradigm of divine creativity. It participates in the supernatural magic. But when its author is human, subject to the ontological paradox, that act can never be *ex nihilo*, a process that first repudiates not only the existence of an objective reality but the possibility of there being an ascertainable one; which is what so many technically brilliant serious contemporary novelists are doing; which is, in my opinion, their calamitous strategic error. One may oppose, or deplore, or lament, or rage at the given reality in which we human beings travail, whose ultimate truths forever recede from us, tantalizing us, mocking us; one can as a writer and artist confabulate a counter creation, out of our human despair. But there is a fatal step beyond Joyce that the writer dare not take for fear of the abyss. □

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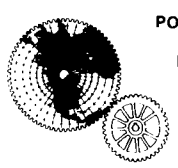

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Terry Teachout

Fernanda Eberstadt, a young woman from New York who contributes shrewd and intelligent literary criticism to *Commentary*, has written a novel called *Low Tide*. Since Miss Eberstadt's periodical affiliations imply a political center of gravity appreciably right of center, one approaches her first novel with considerable interest. What sort of fiction is a 25-year-old conservative likely to write? Miss Eberstadt's answer to this intriguing question is something of a surprise: *Low Tide* turns out to be a symbolic novella about the emotional and sexual rites of passage of a pair of wealthy adolescents.

Jezebel Western, the narrator of *Low Tide*, lives on New York's Upper East Side in a "dark intoxicating grave of a house" with her crazy mother and a wise black cook named Eustacius. She falls in love with Jem Chasm, a rich young Oxonian of bizarre appearance. Their problematic courtship, in the course of which they shuttle between comfy watering holes on either side of the Atlantic, culminates in a frenzied, surrealistic trip through Mexico. Jezebel and Jem finally go to bed together on page 164. Six pages later, Jem blows his brains out with a Luger. Jezebel thereupon abandons his corpse and leaves Mexico "with all the world before me and a whole lot of debts to be paid."

The obvious starting point for *Low Tide* is Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms*. Both books were written by very young authors; both are "about" adolescent sexuality; both conjure up an incredibly claustrophobic atmosphere in a minimum of space; both are written in a fragrant, adjective-laden species of prose in which everything is described from at least three or four different angles. The major difference is that while Capote was fully in control of his material at 24, Miss Eberstadt is not quite there yet at 25. Her slender *donnée* is smothered at times by mannered characterization and extravagant language:

> We sat in the conservatory drinking tea and rum in the late afternoon. She sat so upright in a sheet of purple on the edge of a black vinyl chair, stroking my leg and transfixing me with that slurred growl, issuing from a wet, slightly tremulous pout. I wanted to drink in her keen jeweled eyes, the slouchy, inhospitable projections of her figure: pelvis thrust forward, head back. An Asiatic monkey with Ivory Soap skin, and hair crimped in a chestnut wave.

Fortunately, not all of *Low Tide* is overwritten. Miss Eberstadt alternates between ornate tropes and homely, aphoristic observations which suggest a cold eye and a keen sense of humor. ("There was some talk of his becoming a writer, a calling consonant with doing nothing and carrying about unread books.") The narrative, even at its most fantastic, carries the reader forward persuasively. And for all the verbal extravagance of *Low Tide*, the character of Jezebel comes through in a vivid and touching way.

One would like to see Fernanda Eberstadt direct her attention to a less exotic subject matter next time around. (It comes as a bit of a shock to discover midway through this decidedly hermetic novel that Jem has ghostwrit-

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Terry Teachout is an assistant editor of Harper's.

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ten a *very* conservative position paper for his father on the problem of international terrorism.) But *Low Tide*, flaws and all, is still a first novel of obvious promise by a literary critic who is already far past the "promising" stage.

Dick Belsky, city editor of the *New York Post*, makes his debut as a novelist with an engaging murder mystery in the hard-boiled vein called *One for the Money*. Operating from the hallowed premise that fledgling novelists should write about what they know, Mr. Belsky has made his hero a reporter for the *New York Blade*, a newspaper which emphasizes screaming headlines and detailed coverage of bloody metro murders. Lucy Shannon, the wisecracking "detective" of *One for the Money*, is portrayed in admirably straightforward fashion; there is no unwelcome hint of *tour de force* in Mr. Belsky's use of a woman as first-person narrator. The dialogue is crisp, the plot efficient, the sense of place strong. (This is the sort of novel where the characters take the subway and get off at the right stops.)

What is missing from *One for the Money* is the idiosyncratic point of view that mystery writers like Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler brought to their work. Mr. Belsky's sense of place may be good, but there is no *character* to his New York, none of the sour, angry, corrupt flavor of Hammett's San Francisco or Chandler's Los Angeles. And Lucy Shannon is more a deft sketch for a first-rate series character than a fully finished creation like Philip Marlowe or Ross Macdonald's Lew Archer; one is never quite sure if Mr. Belsky knows more about his mouthpiece than he is telling. Mr. Belsky handles the self-imposed conventions of this particular genre with great assurance, and *One for the Money* makes for a very pleasant read. But one will want to see something more sharp and personal in his second novel. □

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In democratic societies foreign policy puzzles most people. The ends are unclear, sometimes even to the protagonists, and the means often are foreign to the democratic ethos. Democracies must associate with repulsive dictators to prevail over equally repulsive others; they must support violence and deceit for the sake of defense or peace; they must participate in rebellions and civil wars, even if neither side is savory, let alone democratic. Not least, foreign policy requires much lying: since the doings are unacceptable they must be disguised. But they are as hard to hide as they are impossible to avoid. Thus there are many occasions for moral indignation by the noisy minority which prefers morality to foreign policy. Most people, however, are mainly concerned with sex and taxes—until war, the ultimate foreign policy, threatens to involve everybody. War itself is not the least source of universal puzzlement and indignation: Why war when everybody is for peace? Why war when nobody wants it?

We don't quite face it but we are resigned to death. There is nothing we can do about it. However, although recorded history has not avoided it, war is believed to be avoidable. Isn't there something we can do? After all, each war, however much imposed on individuals, could be avoided by the society that fights it. Yet, like death, war can only be postponed; it is ineluctable in the end. We are duly grateful to the physicians who help us overcome our various crises and postpone death. We do not picket hospitals or funeral parlors demanding an end to death. Yet we do picket missile sites, ministries, and embassies, demanding an end to war. We refuse to realize that foreign policies and appropriate defense preparations may postpone particular wars, but cannot avoid war, any more than physicians can avoid death.

The world is run by different societies organized into separate states. They have supreme authority and power over their territory and are independent, both of the authority of other states and of any superior authority. Their power is independent of any laws they don't make or approve; it is truly *potestas legibus absoluta*. If individuals were as autonomous, as independent of superior power and law, they would fight out their conflicts. As Thomas Hobbes pointed out, there would be a *bellum omnium contra omnes*. Which is why we have governments and laws and, not least, courts which have the authority and power to impose their decisions on individuals.

Nothing of the sort exists to settle the conflicts among states or to restrain

Ernest van den Haag is the John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University.

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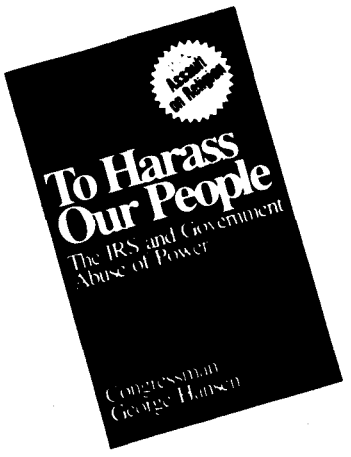

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them. International anarchy is but transparently disguised by wishful thinking and the U.N. Each state exercises what power it has to pursue its interests—actual or fancied—and to provide for its security. No state will give up its sovereign independence to submit to an effective law superior to its own. Above all, no state entrusts its defense interests to a group of third persons, whether or not the group is called a court of law. Consequently each state remains armed and ready for war. No state—be it Albania, Pakistan, the United States, South Africa, the Soviet Union, or Iran—accepts outside decisions it does not approve of, if it has the power to ignore them. Ultimately this power is tested in war. Thus war, limited one hopes, but total one fears, ultimately cannot be avoided any more than conflicts can be, although, fortunately, particular wars are avoidable, just as particular illnesses are. But if war seems as unavoidable as death there is no reason to be discouraged. Medicine thrives despite its limitations. Foreign policy does too, helping to avert war, to postpone it, or to win it—and sometimes making mistakes that bring about war.

Because the facts just rehearsed unpleasantly conflict with our wishes, an infinity of books is published catering to them. Most are about as realistic as romance novels but, although less widely read, they help the authors secure academic appointments. Wherefore there is no end to them. Other books, however, investigate foreign policy problems as physicians investigate particular pathologies. They could lead to treatment, cure, or at least management—if they feature an objective and full presentation of the relevant facts.

Such a presentation is not found in *On Trial*, which offers "testimony" given to "the Permanent People's Tribunal" about the civil war in Nicaragua. The "witnesses" seem largely selected by the Nicaraguan government, many being employed by it. The "judges" are self-selected, or selected by interested leftist organizations. The rules are self-made and self-serving, the "judgment" as predictable as, say, the judgment of a Soviet tribunal in a political trial. On the whole, a propaganda exercise and not a very convincing one. There is a foreword by Harvey Cox, a theologian at the Harvard Divinity School, which shows that the supply of what Lenin called "useful idiots" has not given out. So does the testimony of Richard Falk, a Princeton professor. In the past, Communists managed to assemble a fuller array of respectable fellow travelers. But they take what they can get.

Although different in form, *The American Connection* is a similar propaganda exercise and must be judged no more convincing in its presentation of the civil war in El Salvador and Guatemala. Both books report on atrocities, which probably did happen—they always do in civil wars—but pretend that only one side commits them. Both books fail to analyze seriously, let alone objectively, the ultimate aims of the parties in the civil war, beyond affirming that one side is good, the other bad. Above all, both books insist that if one side—the American supported anti-Communist party (represented as reactionary and anti-nationalist)—were only to give in, there would be no civil war. Which is true, but not helpful: wars always involve (at least) two sides, and are not settled by one side pointing out that there would be peace if the other surrendered.

Now turn to *The Mood/Interest Theory of American Foreign Policy*. In this non-propagandistic but academically pompous book, Jack E. Holmes, who teaches at the appropriately named Hope College in Holland, Michigan, suggests six propositions about long-run moods in the U.S. and their influence on foreign policy. Most

GIVE 'EM THE BUSINESS?

It's a typical scene: Father confronts son with the inevitable question, "So what do you want to do when you graduate, Jim?"

"Well, I'm not really sure yet," Jim answers. "But I know I want to help people."

"Well, then," his dad responds, "why don't you go into business?"

"Uh...gee!" replies Jim, obviously shaken. "I guess I've never thought of that!"

Most of us probably haven't. Have you ever thought, for example, that a company like Procter and Gamble is in the consumer protection business? It is, you know, and it protects consumers far more effectively than the government.

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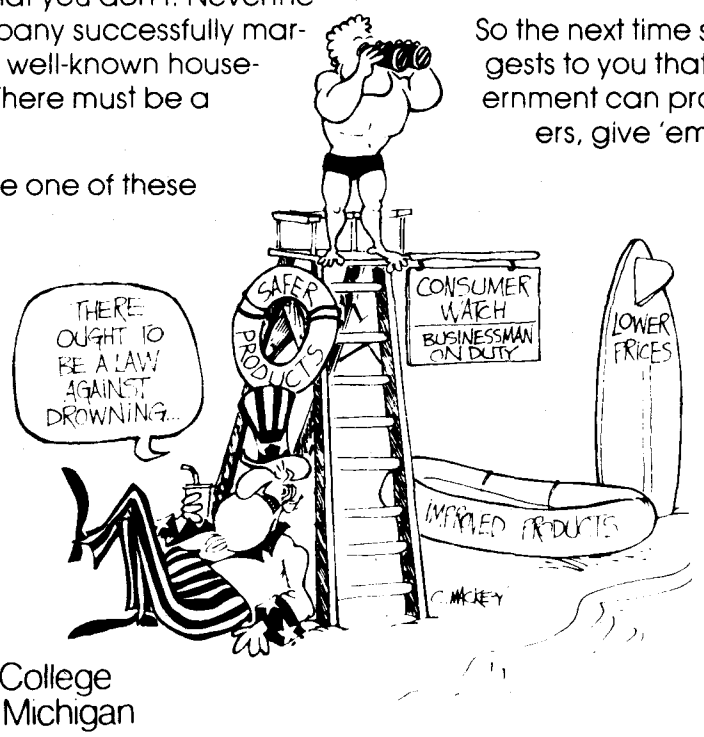
Now, this isn't a testimonial to Procter and Gamble alone. Every business in a competitive economy must operate this way. Government, on the other hand, has monopolized our postal service, most of our schools, crime prevention, etc.—all of which are among the least satisfactory services known to consumers.

So the next time someone suggests to you that only the government can protect consumers, give 'em the business.



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of the propositions are a little but not much more useful than "American Foreign Policy Moods . . . fluctuate between extreme introversion and extreme extroversion with intervening periods of moderation" (proposition 2) or "The U.S. has generally definable Foreign Policy interests" (proposition 3). There are charts and tables and lots of quotations and notes. Despite the truisms there are a few moderately interesting angles, enough, perhaps, for a readable ten-page essay.

W. W. Rostow has had a distinguished academic and government career, and now teaches at the University of Texas in Austin. His *Eisenhower, Kennedy and Foreign Aid* is anecdotally interesting. It describes some domestic battles about the American foreign aid Rostow himself fought for. He briefly acknowledges cogent contemporary criticisms such as those of Peter Bauer (now Lord Bauer), but he does not answer them. Nor has he changed his ways. Despite evidence showing that with few exceptions (such as Taiwan) American foreign aid was wasted, and in some cases detrimental to the economies supposed to benefit from it, Rostow apparently cannot be rehabilitated. Perhaps his investment in foreign aid is too great to expect a critical examination, although events have by now unequivocally discredited his views and confirmed Lord Bauer's.

Barry Rubin in *Secrets of State* describes the struggle over foreign policy within American administrations since 1933. Rubin also describes in tedious detail what went on in and about the State Department bureaucracies. Rubin is aware that most foreign policy professionals and "experts" are charlatans and makes occasional incisive observations. But the book is too diffuse to hold together. One closes it having learned both too much and too little: "So what else is new?"

After the First World War the U.S. took the lead in forming the League of Nations. Contrary to the wishes of President Wilson, however, Congress had the wisdom to stay out of his creation. It made no difference one way or the other. The League was helpless against Japan invading Manchuria, even against Mussolini, let alone Hitler. An American presence would not have changed that. President Roosevelt got himself reelected by promising not to send American boys to Europe. Yet, undeterred by experience, American diplomats took the lead once more in forming the U.N. after the Second World War. This time Congress was not wise enough to stay out. Therefore American taxpayers now have the dubious pleasure of paying *de jure* one quarter (*de facto* much more) of the expenses of a consistently and virulently anti-American organization. To be sure the U.N. has no actual power. How indeed could the Soviet Union, China, and the U.S. exercise power over one another? But it is a formidable propaganda machine, which, although used for anti-American, indeed anti-democratic and anti-Western, purposes, continues to be financed by and to enjoy the hospitality of the U.S. and of other Western countries. Transferring it to Tanzania would consign it to the obscurity it deserves. But there is little chance.

Thomas M. Franck in *Nation Against Nation* tries to explain "what happened to the U.N. Dream and what to do about it." He is an able and objective historian, the possessor of a readable style and of much organizing power. Yet, what happens in the U.N. is so marginal to foreign policy, indeed to anything, that one wonders about the energy spent. People unrealistically expected a supernational and instead got an international organization, at best useless, at worst deleterious. The detailed recital of events in that organization offered by Mr. Franck, his description of so many trees, will not help readers see the forest, although Mr. Franck himself appears to have

WHY EVERY PRUDENT AMERICAN SHOULD KEEP SOME MONEY IN SWITZERLAND

Dear Fellow American:

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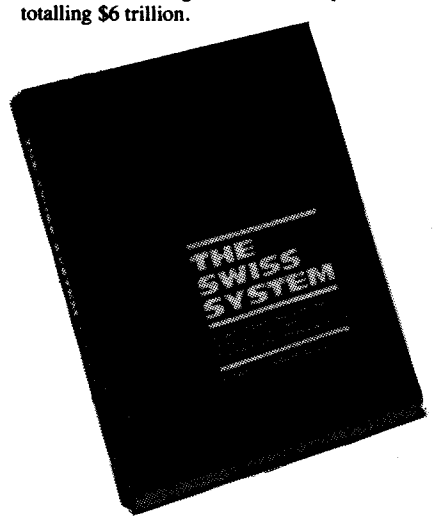

You cannot afford to ignore these storm clouds. And you surely cannot afford to have all of your assets inside the U.S. when the storm finally hits. Why? Because, when the crisis arrives, the government will impose controls to keep your wealth in the U.S. and then will inflate, tax and possibly confiscate it in response.

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fairly good vision. Yet he cannot quite overcome his legal training. I share his interest in international law, to the point of barely restraining myself from teaching it. Bodin and Puffendorf are great fun. But I do not bring international law (or Italian opera which I like just as well) into discussions of foreign policy, or even of the U.N., because it is not relevant. I suspect Mr. Franck is not altogether unaware of this. But the habits of a lawyer are hard to shake. Still, in fairness, it must be said that Mr. Franck's assessment of the U.N. is, as a whole, realistic, and that his proposals for U.S. policy—in effect how to get out, or use the threat of getting out—are sensible. □

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

I am now warned, courtesy of Mr. James Harkness ("Mississippi Footprints," *TAS*, February 1986) that we are in for a new phase of South-baiting. This one apparently will consist of variations on the theme "Those Bastards Haven't Really Changed."

Mr. Harkness is a pretty fair writer, which is but to say that he has prostituted some fine gifts to this squalid undertaking. I beg leave to inform him, moreover, that his talent is not yet so great as to entitle him to condescend to Mr. Willie Morris. Upon reading his strictures on that writer, I felt as though I had just heard a quonset hut speak patronizingly of the architecture of Chartres and Salisbury. Mr. Morris hardly needs my help to deal with this cardboard Coriolanus. But I will say that if rococo sentence structure and florid diction are stylistic faults, it is hard to see with what face Mr. Harkness can condemn them. His own style is not exactly a model of terseness and Attic simplicity. Seldom has a kettle been rebuked by a blacker pot.

In any case, one suspects that his grievance with Mr. Morris is not stylistic but substantive. Like myself, Morris left the South and sojourned long in supposedly more enlightened precincts, only to conclude (again, like me) that the old country wasn't a total loss after all and that he would be happier if he came home. It is that, rather than any number of Faulknerisms, to which Mr. Harkness objects. What we see in him is nothing more complicated than the renegade's irritation towards the man who acknowledges the force of ancestral loyalties.

Perhaps the most distasteful trait of such writers is their willingness to convert even our virtues into mere adjuncts to vice. Witness Mr. Harkness's indignation at our failure to adopt the manners of the urban subway. If Southerners treat one another with courtesy, why, that is only a pose, or even a manipulative stratagem. One is inevitably reminded of the words of Albany in *King Lear*: "Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile; filths savour but themselves."

The course set by Mr. Harkness is by now so familiar as to be banal. He makes his visitation, painfully conscious of its high moral significance. He casts about for instances of petty behavior, and for evidence that white racists still exist in Mississippi. *Mirabile dictu*, he finds what he is looking for, and takes it as confirming his diagnosis of our continuing depravity. And then he gets back into his car and drives back to his fastness in upstate New York, where he can be immured with Rilke or Rimbaud or whomever he translates, and where he can encounter black people slightly more often than he would in Norway.

Good riddance, one is tempted to say. But that would undoubtedly be too severe. Mr. Harkness graduated from high school in 1965, which means he has not yet seen forty. That gives him plenty of time to wise up. Willie Morris went through a similar phase and outgrew it. Indeed, towards the end Sinclair Lewis is said to have uttered some generous words about Sauk Centre. There is some hope that Mr. Harkness will someday put his considerable talents to a better use. But in the meantime, I hope he will be kind enough to stop carping at people who are trying, without romantic illusions and in the face of discouraging obstacles, to preserve an admirable heritage while purging it of its ugly flaws—trying, with no help from the likes of him, to build a better life down here.

—Cecil S.H. Ross
Jackson, Mississippi

The recent article on life in Greenwood, Mississippi left us perplexed. I can only assume that Mr. Harkness still views Greenwood as it was twenty years ago.

When describing the plight of Blacks here, he failed to mention that Blacks now occupy three of seven city council seats in Greenwood, a significant Black university exists in this county, and there is an emerging Black Middle Class.

Aquaculture is thriving alongside agriculture and industry, and interestingly enough, the emergence of Black political power has been accompanied by the demise of the patronizing white Democrat and the "old money" liberal GOP and has coincided with the arrival in the Delta of the Reagan Republican. Three city council seats are held by conservative Republicans.

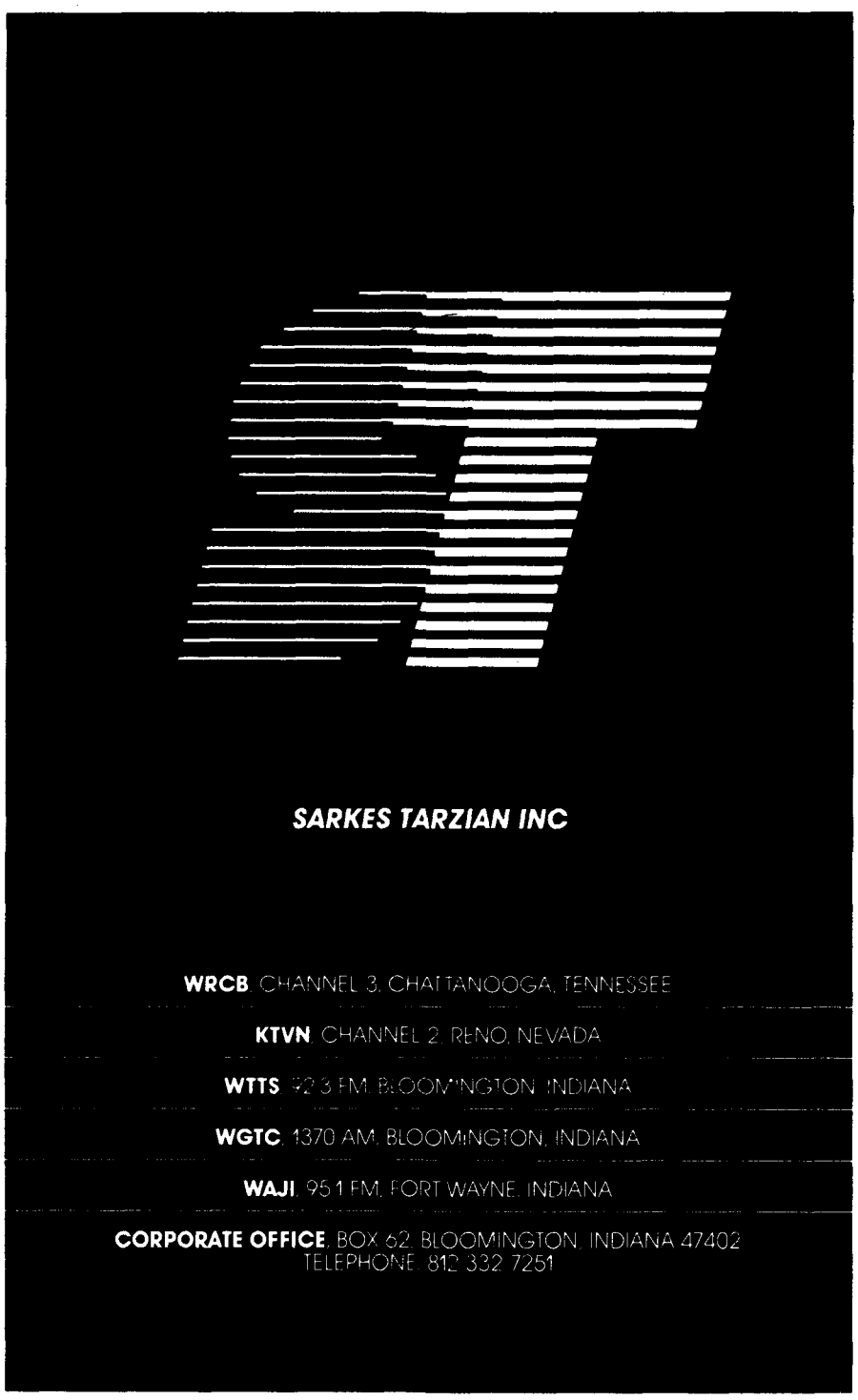
Six of seven seats held by Blacks and working class Republicans is quite a feat here and is indicative of the change underway. I believe eventually a "common good" working coalition will be formed between activist Blacks and "Reagan-Kemp" Republicans to the economic advantage of all.

We just wish Mr. Harkness had looked at Greenwood-1986.

—Merle Temple, Jr.
Greenwood, Mississippi

James Harkness replies:
Merle Temple wishes I'd looked at Greenwood-1986, but I fear what he really wishes is that I'd seen through rose-colored glasses. One aspect of 1986 I did look at in my article was what appears to be, in matters of race, the compatibility of strategic stubbornness with tactical compromise. In a county where blacks have had an absolute majority for a century or more, three council seats out of seven sure looks like it might fall under that heading. Whether an emerging black middle class will "eventually" make common cause with Reaganite Republicans I won't try to predict; stranger things have happened. Anyhow, the development of aquaculture in Greenwood is an interesting datum, if not the only fishy item in Mr. Temple's letter.

And now we come to Mr. Ross, for whom I haven't, strictly speaking, much reply. There is in his letter almost nothing to reply *to*, any more than you can usefully rebut the spitting wail of an outraged tabby upon whose tail you have stomped with an insufficiently reverent heel. Over the course of his letter, my "squalid undertaking" devolves from turncoat loquacity and expatriate South-baiting to renegade bitterness and simple "filth"—language in whose trajectory I see little prospect of profitable exchange. Even so, I will suggest that a less hysterical reading of "Mississippi Footprints" will turn up scant traces of defecation, ritual or otherwise; and that what I actually said bears practically no likeness to what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Mr. Ross seems to think I said. Instead of variations on the theme "Those Bastards Haven't Really Changed," the essay tries to chart some of the subtler ways in which the South, or one small town in one part of the South, *has* changed—along with the divergence between the reality of those changes and the lingering mystic jingoism of the region's self-representations.

But set aside for now the issue of quonset huts and rococo cathedrals; defer the problem of whether Willie Morris got his narrative style by robbing graves in Yoknapatawpha County, or whether Mr. Ross may have a tin ear for prose. In fact, my disagreement with the former editor of *Harper's* pertains to neither his acknowledgement of ancestral ties nor any other element of his paradigmatic Homegoing. What it does have to do with is Morris's belief in the South's place on the leading edge of progress in matters of race. I didn't say that there has been no improvement in the South's racial climate in the last generation; in areas susceptible to legal compulsion, the improvement has been marked. Nor did I say that racial discrimination has been obdurate in the South alone. What I said, rather, was that Morris has got it into his noggin that the South, where blacks and whites live in the most intimate if still the most overtly discriminatory contact, will also turn out to be where the American conundrum of race is at last and most profoundly resolved. And what I further said was that I consider this view to be a self-serving regional fantasy. On the simple, brute, depressingly forthright evidence of the last twenty years, not to mention the last hundred and twenty years, what I'll call Willie's Paradox is as absurd in its depths as on its face—like picking the Golan Heights as the most likely spot for Jews and Arabs to work out a common destiny.

But even the baldest social narcissism is bound to have primal appeal, that is to say neatly calculated appeal, for someone who can detect nothing worse in today's white racism than "petty behavior," and for whom loyalty to an "admirable heritage" not only outweighs but utterly precludes discussion of its "ugly flaws." Hence no argument of mine is likely to convince Mr. Cecil S.H. Ross—or I daresay certain others, some of whom may even share with him the effete psychic training wheel of a spare initial. But more than the "fungibility" of overdone genres, what Mr. Ross actually dislikes is hearing what he fears may be the truth; and what he hates most of all is hearing it from someone whose claim on knowing the lay of the land is at least as provable as his own. In that—as in his urbanophobic distaste for "subway manners"; his shrill insistence on unquestioning adherence to a regional party line; his virulent loathing of the cultural "quisling"; and his final arrogant demand simply to be left alone—Mr. Ross shows himself a Southerner of a mold we've seen before: soaring up with flaming sword from the lost schoolhouse steps to the pages of *The American Spectator*, a classic Dixie mandarin in high dudgeon.

Under the Gun

My compliments on Robert Stuart Cohen's review of William Donohue's *Politics of the American Civil Liberties Union* (*TAS*, February 1986). Cohen shows clearly just how selective the ACLU's approach to the Bill of Rights is.

In particular, let me add that the ACLU's working version of the Bill of Rights seems to be one from which the Second Amendment is conspicuously absent. Enough said.

—Charles H. Chandler
Malden, Massachusetts

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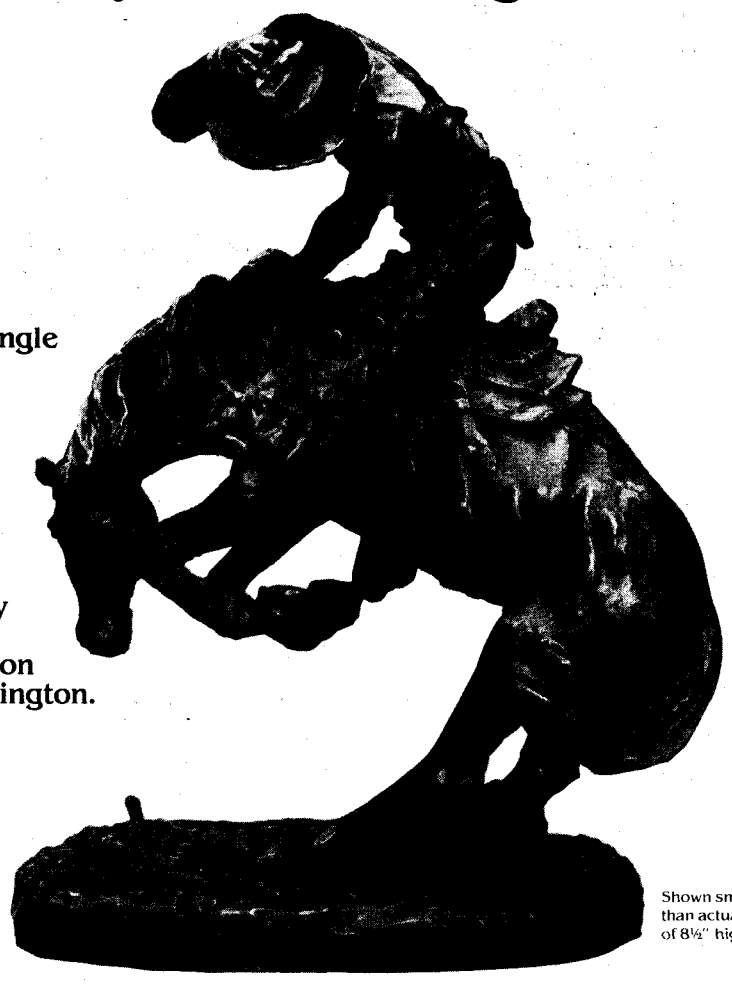
"The Rattlesnake"

by Frederic Remington



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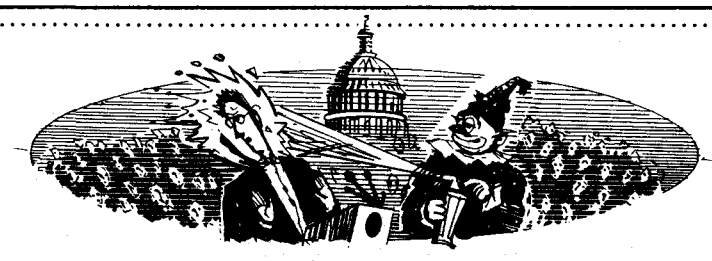

The lunch of the month this time was at the swank *New Republic*, where the guest of honor was junior Senator George Mitchell of Maine. When invited I confessed to know next to nothing about him, but was told his importance stems from his position as chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. It's curious that a man this little-known—his other Senate assignments include the Environment and Public Works and the Veterans' Affairs committees—has been entrusted with the task of regaining majority standing for Senate Democrats in 1986, an election that for some reason already has many Republicans deeply worried. To add to the Senator's mystique, the night before the luncheon he became the center of national attention for heading the Democratic party's televised response to the President's State of the Union address. The man was suddenly a star, the *New Republic* had scored another coup, and I had no choice but to listen. But to what? Speaking to the nation, the Senator revived the standard themes of the 1984 Democratic campaign: warnings of doom, appeals to envy, calls for summits. Speaking to the lunch crowd, he performed familiar variations on these themes: protectionism, more aid to farmers, military cuts. Throw in the Senator's professed disdain for the growing role of money in politics (naturally, he wants more public financing of campaigns), for the notion that Republicans have become the party of new ideas (he says these amount to "Cut taxes!"), for the source of Ronald Reagan's popularity (he feels the Democrats' message is too nuanced to fit into 30-second spots), and you start to wonder: If Senate Republicans allow this man to beat them this fall, will they have anyone but themselves to blame?

• • •

From Bloomington, our Indiana editor writes with the news:

The Great Congressional Contest is back, and Indiana's got it. For those whose attention span suddenly shrinks whenever the names of McCloskey and McIntyre come up, this item may not charm. But it really is that time again: the congressional campaign of 1986, starting with the primaries in May and cresting in the general election in November and ending, at least in Indiana's Eighth District, when or where the mind of Hoosier man knoweth not. Indeed, Rep. Francis X. McCloskey, Democrat of Bloomington—the bruited move to Heubstadt didn't come off, perhaps because Nick's English Hut, the congressman's frequent haunt, declined to colonize—will run a third time to hold his seat, now the most notorious of congressional fiefs. Richard D. McIntyre, Republican of Bedford, announced on January 28 that he will once again challenge this unwonted, tremulous incumbency. In point of fact, he has not stopped running, in one way or another, since his claim to the seat, which he thought he had won in November of '84, was finally denied by the House Democrats last May. Since that dithery time nothing much has happened, at least not enough to change the ornery nature of the southwestern haunch of Indiana. Except, of course, for the enormous issue that didn't figure in the last election: Did the House Democrats steal the seat from McIntyre and hand it to McCloskey by all of four votes in the most brazen infamy in Hoosier politics? Or have the House Republicans so gnashed their teeth, rended their garments, and whined like cuffed hounds that voters are sick and tired of the whole silly spectacle? Will McCloskey catch hell because he was the tainted victor? Will McIntyre sweep all before him because a nice young fellow like that shouldn't be done wrong again? Will the precinct election officials be able to read, write, and cipher well enough to turn in accurate tallies from their polling places? Shall we gather at the river? It's a mortal shame the late Seth Denbo, the GOP's graftiest war-chief, who liked his politics straight as a Crawford County dirt road, isn't still around for all the fuss and jubilation. He probably would have pensioned off McCloskey to the Patoka Reservoir Commission, made McIntyre consul to Paducah, and sent to Congress that nervy state senator from Evansville who wants to take on McIntyre in the Republican primary. Old Seth would have fixed everything; he usually did. Be assured, there is more to come of this matter. Much more, one fears.

• • • • •

If you ride Metrorail, this city's remarkable subway, as I do all week, you become ever more impressed with the no-nonsense discipline of its rush-hour riders. In the tight shared space of the early morning, nobody—not the pretty women in dress suits and Reeboks, not the tall men in cashmere greatcoats—chatters unwisely; nor in the languid, looser hour after five is there undue garrulousness. Balancing their copies of the *Washington Times*, all sway to the rails or sit in silence. At the transfer stations, all move quickly and purposefully; wide but well-defined lines of riders snake from one train to the next, gliding up and down the escalators with quiet assurance. This sleek civility forms a bond that is broken on the weekends, when the subway is given over to an anarchy of suburbanites and sightseers. On an early Sunday afternoon last month, as I was heading down to the 14th Street porno district, I found myself with a train-load of them. One fellow, obviously lost, nevertheless tried to maintain the cool of the stud in a cognac ad. But under his girlfriend's pestering, his unearned confidence withered. "I *know* where our stop is," he said between clenched teeth, and then gaped uncomprehendingly at the wall map. I leaned against the doors, underneath the sign that read, "Please do not lean against doors," folded my arms, and watched them. City life offers so few deep, untrammeled pleasures, so few unambiguous instances of superiority. Small moments like these are not to be despised.

• • •

At my stop—which happened to be their stop, too, although I didn't tell them that—I exited (they didn't) and rode the escalator up into the grimness of 14th Street, one of Washington's many skid rows, and the heart of its porno district. I had been alerted that SPEAC, the Sex and Pornography Education and Action Committee, was planning an "action" against the Casino Royal, the city's largest bookstore *cum* peep show. The Casino Royal, unbeknownst to its proprietors, had been selected by the committee to serve as a symbol of the $8 billion-a-year porno industry and "all people—men—who believe that women are commodities to be bought and sold, to be objectified, subordinated, raped and killed in the name of sexual entertainment and male supremacy"—the words of the committee's action leader, who gave a briefing before the action began. After her pep talk, I followed the committed as they brandished placards and marched furiously up 14th Street, toward the hapless Casino Royal. At the corner of 14th and New York a couple of camera crews from the local news shows joined the demonstrators, who rushed into the store waving their signs and chanting, "Pornography is an industry/Making billions, harming me!" The cameramen pushed in after them, and I trailed behind, notepad in hand. In the store, the clerks leaned on the counter, laughing. A couple of surprised young customers hustled past the demonstrators and the news cameras and out the store, their faces frozen in "why me?" grimaces. The chanting grew louder and the action leader, positioning herself for the cameras, gave a speech in front of a glass case filled with some of the largest rubber goods (hand-held) I've ever seen. "Women on meat hooks!" she cried, and the cameramen panned the store. Just to pass the time I picked up a paperback called *Teacher Takes It All*, and was reading about a woman piano teacher objectifying a young male student on a piano bench when I looked up to see one of the cameramen, about two feet away, pointing his camera straight into my face. I dropped the book and waved my notepad frantically to show that I was a *reporter*, for God's sake, not a sleazeball, but I was too late. The cameraman simply turned away and panned the store again. Of course I didn't have the heart to watch the news on TV that night, much as I've always wanted to see myself on the TV. Besides, the lighting didn't do me justice, and my hair was a *mess*.

—*GJN*

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CURRENT WISDOM

Iowa State Daily

In the correspondence section of a great collegiate daily, Mr. Kevin Byall (possibly a philosophy major) dares to part company with his Reaganite generation:

As I looked at the Jan. 21 [advertisement] comparing the life of an unborn eagle to an unborn child, I had to stop and think. I am not particularly in favor of abortion, but when comparing the life of an endangered species to the life of the species endangering it, I found myself choosing the eagle.

Life is precious. Not just human life, but all life. *—Kevin Byall*

[January 24, 1986]

Ms.

Miss Ellen Thompson, the Canadian Harvey Cox, gets off one last letter seconds before the thunderbolt strikes:

The American Administration is currently trying to get prayer back into schools. If this happens, girls, big and small, will be mouthing words to an almighty "He." Whoever created the world can't possibly be exclusively male. It defies common sense. I point this out to God every day and so far I haven't received any wrathful objections. *—Ellen Thompson*
Montreal, Quebec
Canada

[March 1986]

Washington Journalism Review

Disturbing evidence that the revolution is eating its children:

[Ben] Bradlee still answers his own telephone the first hour of each day and says he replies to every letter he receives, but admits that keeping in touch with readers has become more difficult as the *Post*'s national reputation has grown. "It's a lot harder now," says Bradlee, "there are so many of these asshole watchdogs now. I can't make a speech in public now without being confronted."

[February 1986]

New York Times

After utilizing the most advanced statistical techniques known to man- and woman-kind, Dr. Mary P. Koss hands down the depressing news. Sixteen group rapes on thirty-three campuses in twelve months—or one-half group rape per institution of higher learning per year. What next?:

Although no comprehensive statistics have been collected, Mary P. Koss, a psychology professor at Kent State University who has studied rape among college students since 1976, has come up with an estimate. Extrapolating from a study of rape she conducted for the Federally financed Ms. Magazine Campus Project on Sexual Assault, Dr. Koss estimated that 16 group rapes had taken place on 33 campuses in the 12 months preceding the study, conducted between November 1984 and March 1985.

[February 18, 1986]

Nation

The demise of the space shuttle *Challenger* emboldened the little creep lurking in the dank of every ideologue's mind to step forth and to solemnize. In one issue of the *Nation* the creep emerged twice. Once from a Mr. Herbert Kohl:

The death of Christa McAuliffe should be compared with that of junkies in New York and Detroit and with starving and tortured people throughout the world. . . . Christa McAuliffe died pointlessly in a $1.2 billion machine along with six other people.

And, of course, from the suctorial Cockburn:

This is a society that should mourn, to a point well past hysteria, Leon Klinghoffer but not Alex Odeh, Christa McAuliffe but not that true heroine Samantha Smith, U.S. Marines killed by Moslems but not Nicaraguan teachers killed by U.S.-backed *contras*.

[February 15, 1986]

New Orleans Times-Picayune/ States-Item

The creep steals across the correspondence page of a great New Orleans publication:

It was too high a price to pay. The tragic loss of seven of the best Americans who ever lived and the space shuttle should result in the end of the space program. We should spend no more money on "star wars." Accept Russia's offer of peace and concentrate on domestic peace instead of outer space.

Let all my representatives and friends in government beware of further involvement with weapons in space, and, for that matter, any weapons that could destroy many more persons in the same short time it took for the shuttle to explode.

NASA should immediately be changed to an agency whose purpose is research and development of housings and job training for the poor and homeless in this country.

[February 7, 1986]

Democrat and Chronicle (Rochester, New York)

And the creep commandeers the tongue of an esteemed yoga instructor in greater Rochester:

When the space shuttle exploded in flight we all felt immense human grief and realized the cost of the space program in economic and political terms. Still the lessons of this event go deeper if we have the courage to look.

To what purpose is this space program dedicated? Our successes have been hailed as American accomplishments; we seek to control and manipulate the frontiers of space for our own selfish ends, in competition with the Russians to dominate lest we be dominated.

Yet the forces of the universe are benignly indifferent to our aims, and the laws of nature remain unmoved. We are just beginning to be aware of the unity of all life and the subtle connections between seemingly unrelated events. Any school child can elaborate the dangerous impact of technological "achievements" on the environment. Perhaps the "primitive" cultures that were overrun in Western man's zeal to conquer have something to offer us today about living in harmony with nature.

We have the wrong intentions. This life is not a contest to win at the expense of the losers. We must develop together or we will perish together.

— Tony Criscuolo
Director, Yoga Society of Rochester
[February 16, 1986]

New York Times

In New York, too, the creep intones:

The time has surely come when, out of respect for Judith A. Resnik and Christa McAuliffe, the two women who lost their lives on the Challenger space-shuttle flight on Jan. 28, we stop referring to space flights as "manned" or "unmanned."

Indeed, perhaps we should all make a serious effort, in respect and recognition of half the human race, to substitute words like "staffed" and "humankind" for "manned" and "mankind."

—Joan G. Silberman
Suffern, N.Y.
[February 16, 1986]

San Francisco Chronicle

And the creep speaks for Magda from Oakland:

Editor—If the loss of the space shuttle Challenger spells doom for Reagan's Star Wars, the seven astronauts will not have died in vain.

—Magda K. Jensen
Oakland
[February 5, 1986]

New York Times

Finally, asked to reflect on the ill-fated flight, the gifted novelist Ann Beattie puts first things first, to wit: herself—*c'est tout*:

A friend said it best, in a phone call around noon. He said, "Not again."

Everything affects me as a writer. I was sitting alone writing and it pulled the rug out from under me. When you are a writer, in some ways, you space out when you're working. After the phone call, I just spent most of the day looking out the window and thinking.

It calls attention to the fact that there's a great big other world out there. Imagination pales in comparison with real stuff.

I was thinking about "The Birds" [sic], that sang that song, "Lost away in space," when the three astronauts burned up years ago. I was remembering snatches of it, "millions of hearts are lifted out of human race, space control in Houston, military command." Quite frankly, I thought, God, Ann, here you are working and there's a tragedy in the world out there. It shakes you back to reality. It's not something that happened to somebody else. It happened here in this country and I'm in this country.

[January 29, 1986]

Partisan Review

The poetic Joyce Carol Oates in one stupendous lilt masters a new approach to human understanding:

SCAB

At first you bleed freely, like another's tears.
The taste is salty on the tongue.
The pain, though said to be centered in the brain, throbs and blossoms in the wound, imparts its radiance. . . .

By degrees the blood slows, as it must.
It thickens, congeals.
The wound shrinks to its proper size.
The scab is tender at first,
then hard, ridged—
a secret braille.
Your fingertips can't resist. . . .

[No. 1, 1986]

Los Angeles Daily Journal

Another advance in human justice vouchsafed by the illustrious California Supreme Court, this time on behalf of the modestly endowed homicidal maniac:

The *Cal. Supreme Court* has overturned a death sentence, finding that the fact that a defendant stabbed his victim 48 times before killing him, indicated only that the victim was difficult to kill, not that the defendant intended to inflict extreme pain. Further, the jury was erroneously instructed during the penalty phase that it should not be swayed by sympathy or compassion for the defendant.

[January 15, 1986]

New Yorker

High grade flummeries from a dear old auntie:

People can choose their own words to describe Qaddafi's mental state—President Reagan called him "flaky," and later denied that he considered Qaddafi mentally unbalanced—but most people would agree that Qaddafi is not a man on whom they would like the peace of the world to depend. Yet in recent days that is the position he has assumed—in large measure because of the actions of the United States.

[January 20, 1986]

Washington Post

Once again the mind of Dr. Richard Cohen goes haywire and suddenly an astronaut is a welfare worker is a mine inspector:

. . . because Reagan likes both the goals and the style of the space program, because it excites his imagination, he anthropomorphized it and turned what is another government program into something out of the Oregon Trail—a heroic enterprise of pioneers. They were the sort of words the president would never utter to welfare workers who brave inner-city slums or mine inspectors up to their knees in cold water. "Your dedication and professionalism has moved and impressed us for decades," he told NASA workers in his TV address to the nation.

[February 21, 1986]

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Edmund Burke: A Genius Reconsidered, by Russell Kirk (1967). Richard H. Gentile 5 Live Oak Dr., South Easton, MA 02375.

Chanticleer (Duke University Yearbook, 1932). A.W. Williams, 6034 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, VA 22307.

Post War Plans of the United Nations, by Lewis Lorwin. **American Civilization Today**, by John Greenan. Eve Conolley, 2321 Estrellita Way, Sacramento, CA 95825.

Collected Essays, by Wilhelm Furtwangler. (trans. LA Fenn. London: John Calder Publishers, 1965). Blase Scarnati, Jr., 226 W. Water St., Slippery Rock, PA 16057.

The Eastern Front and **The Aftermath**, by Winston Churchill. Robert Acker, 12371 Briones Way, Los Atlos Hills, CA 94022.

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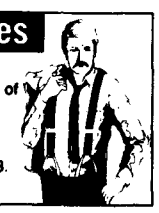

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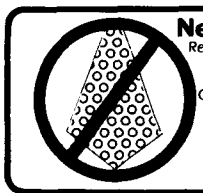

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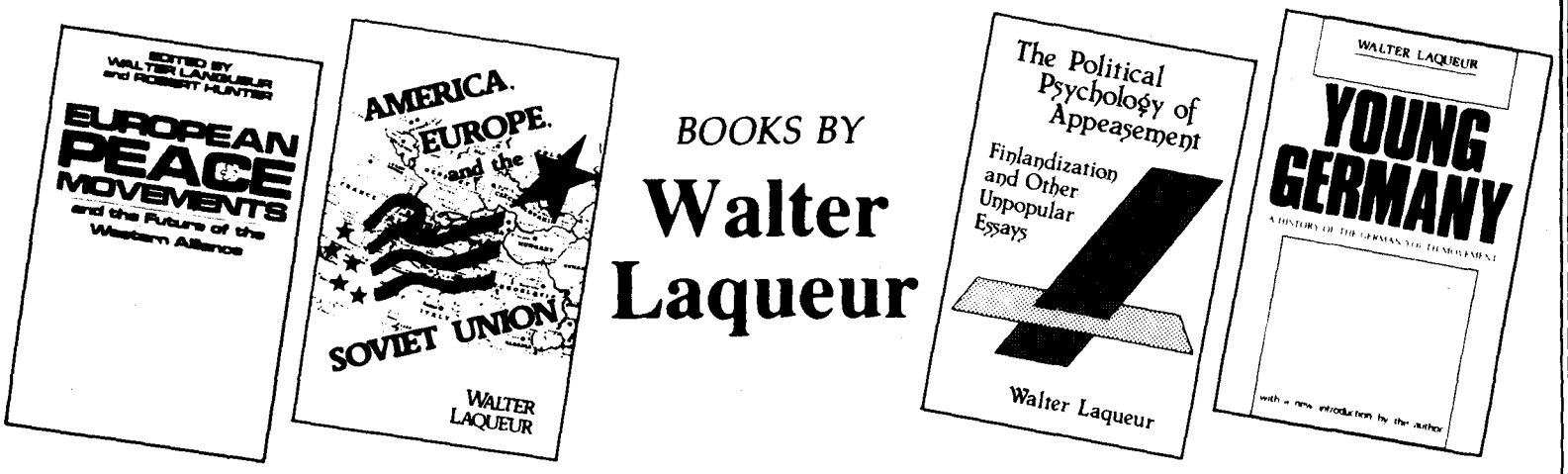

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Walter Laqueur and Robert Hunter, editors

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